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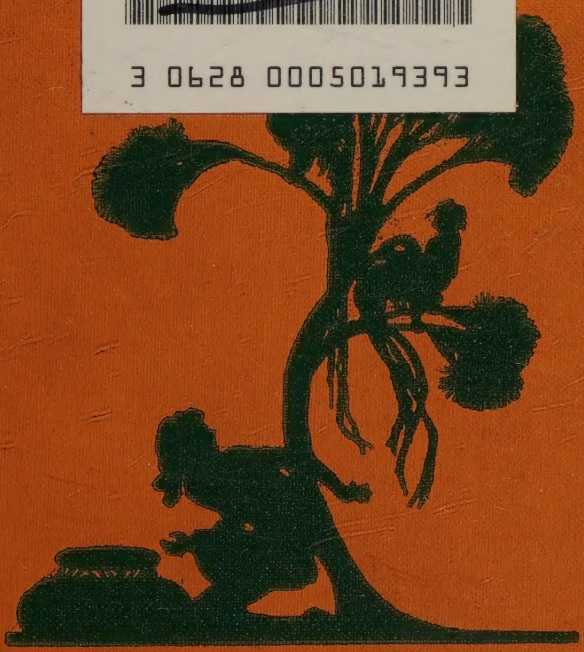

Retold by

Marguerite Aspinwall

Jeanne Hale

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In memory of

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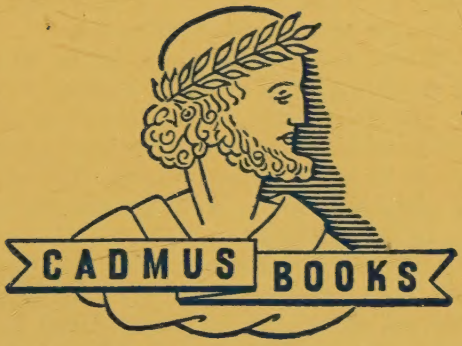

JATAKA TALES

RETOLD BY MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Stories of animals who act and talk like people are found in almost every country. Sometimes the stories from different countries are very much alike. That is because people are very much the same, all over the world. They have the same good qualities and the same bad qualities, no matter where they live.

These *Jataka Tales* come from India, and many of them will remind you of Aesop's Fables. There is one character, the Bodhisatta, who appears in every story. Sometimes he is an elephant, sometimes a monkey, and sometimes he is some other animal. But always he is good and kind and wise. And always he helps other people out of difficulties.

In "The Monkeys and the Ogre," the Bodhisatta is the king of the monkeys. They live near a lake that is guarded by an ogre, and they are afraid to go to the lake to drink, for the ogre has said he would kill them all. It is up to the king of the monkeys to find some way for them to get water. He is much more clever than the ogre, so he finds a way for them to drink from the lake whenever they want to—and in perfect safety from the ogre.

In "The Quail's Friends," the Bodhisatta appears as the king of the elephants. The young quail have just hatched from the eggs, and the mother is afraid that the elephants will trample them. She begs the king of the elephants to be careful and not kill her babies. So he stands guard while the other elephants pass by on one side. There is one bad elephant, however, who will not be so kind. You will be interested to see how the mother quail punishes him.

* * * *

Jataka Tales out of Old India

Retold by
Marguerite Aspinwall
with illustrations by
Arnold Hall

This special edition is published by special arrangement with the publisher of the regular edition,
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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

THESE little tales, which I have in this volume retold more simply for children, were taken, by permission, from the extremely interesting collection of Jātakas selected and edited for the Cambridge University Press by

H. T. FRANCIS, M.A.
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MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

1927

PREFACE

HAVING edited, and carefully revised for the clear understanding of younger readers the collection of Jātaka Tales contained in this book, I feel it wholly unnecessary (as it would be likewise highly presumptuous on my part) to attempt any alteration in the clear and interesting introduction written by E. J. Thomas, for the original translation of Jātaka Tales selected and edited by him in collaboration with H. T. Francis, and published by the Cambridge University Press.

The only liberties with his text I have taken in this preface, have been the omission of certain portions which do not seem necessary for the explanation of the origin and meaning of the jātakas themselves, and their place in the world's folklore.

"The great authority of Benfey has popularised the view that Indian folktales originated with the Buddhists. His work was done before

the Jātaka (the great collection of buddhist birth-stories) was known, and it is now possible to see from the stories themselves that, so far from Buddhism being a great source of folktales, the bulk of those which occur in the Jātaka are pre-buddhistic, and merely adaptations of Indian tales.

"Benfey's main argument for the buddhistic origin of Indian folktales was the fact that traces of Buddhism appeared to be found in the *Panchatantra,* the Indian collection of tales which has become widely known in the West as the fables of Bidpai. From this he inferred that the *Panchatantra* was a buddhist work revised by Brahmins. But we now know that the work was of Brahmin origin, and had been revised in the versions which Benfey used by Buddhist or Jain editors.

"The Jātaka, as we possess it, consists of 547 jātakas, each containing an account of the life of Gotama Buddha during some incarnation in one of his previous existences as a Bodhisatta, (or a being destined to enlightenment), before he became Buddha, the Enlightened One. This number does not correspond to exactly 547

stories, because some of the tales occur more than once in a different setting, or in a variant version, and occasionally several stories are included in one birth.

"To adapt ancient tales in general a simple matter, since it was not necessary to make the actors Buddhists themselves. The tale might equally well be told of a past time when there was no Buddha in existence, and in which the ideas are those of ordinary Hinduism. The one feature necessary for the story is that the Bodhisatta in some character should appear. When the tale itself contained no instance of a wise person who could play the part of a Bodhisatta, modification was necessary; though this is often done by making the Bodhisatta a divinity or a sage who witnesses the events and recites the *gāthās,* the verses with which the tale concludes. Verses occur in all the births.

"In the first division of the work there is one verse in each tale, in the second two, and so on in increasing number. It is these verses alone which are canonical, the prose being a commentary explaining how the verses came to be spoken.

"Buddhism took over the Hindu doctrine of

re-birth and karma, but moralised it. Re-birth in heaven is no longer due to performing animal sacrifices, or the infliction of self-torture, but to practising the virtues emphasized by Buddha: almsgiving, truth-speaking, forgiveness of enemies."

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THE CRAB AND THE ELEPHANT

ONCE on a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, there was a great lake in Himalaya, in which lived a huge golden crab. The lake was named for him, the Crab Tarn, and all the animals round about were in deadly fear of approaching the place. It was well known that because of his great size, which was the size of a threshing floor, and his tremendous strength, the Crab could even kill and eat elephants. And so widely had the fear of him spread, that there was not an elephant in all the forest that dared go down to the Crab Tarn to drink, or to browse about its banks on the tender things that grew there.

Now at that time, the Bodhisatta was born again as the son of an elephant, the leader of a herd living hard by the lake of the Crab. And the Little Elephant's mother was so afraid for

her child, that she took him away from that part of the forest, off to a new place on the side of a distant mountain, where she could keep him safe and watch over him, until he should be full grown. So there they lived together, the Little Elephant and his mother, until many years had passed, and you could no longer call him the Little Elephant any more, for he was big as a mountain, and had found a mate for himself from a neighboring elephant herd.

But while he was growing up, the Little Elephant had heard tales from his mother of the great and terrible Crab who lived in the Crab Tarn. Though he had never said anything about it, he had always thought to himself that someday, when he should be big and strong and able to fight, he would get all the elephants together, and they would catch the Crab.

He kept thinking about this plan of his day after day, and finally he told his mate and his mother about it, and asked them to go with him down into the forest, to find the elephant herd of which his father was leader. So the three elephants left the mountainside and went down to the forest. After looking about a while, they

came upon the herd they were seeking, and the Young Elephant—who was now too big to be called the Little Elephant any longer—went up to his father and told him his plan for catching the Crab.

The elephant leader shook his wise old head, when the plan was told.

"You will never be able to do that, my son," he said.

The Young Elephant, however, was not discouraged, and continued to beg his father again and again, to give him leave to try, until at last the leader agreed. Then the Young Elephant collected all the elephants beside the Crab Tarn, and led them down close to the lake.

"Does the Crab catch his prey when they go down, or while they are feeding, or when they are coming up from the lake again?" he asked them.

The assembled elephants replied, "When the beasts come up after feeding."

Then the Young Elephant gave them his orders. "Do you all go down to the lake and eat whatever you see! After you have eaten a while, turn and come up from the banks, leaving me to follow the last behind you."

The elephants obeyed him, and as they were going up toward the forest again, after having browsed beside the lake, the Crab looked out of the water. Seeing the Young Elephant going up last, he reached out and caught his foot tight in one huge claw, like a smith who seizes a lump of iron in an enormous pair of tongs.

The Young Elephant's mate did not leave him, but stood there on the bank close beside him, while he pulled at the Crab with all his powerful strength, without being able to free himself.

After the Young Elephant had pulled until he was weary, he stopped, and then it was the Crab's turn to pull. He tightened his great claw and slowly, little by little, drew his prisoner towards him, down to the edge of the Crab Tarn. In deadly fear, the Young Elephant roared the cry of capture, but the rest of the herd, hearing it and realizing that he was less strong than the Crab he had vowed to catch, uttered great trumpetings of fear themselves, and fled away toward the safety of the forest. Even the Young Elephant's mate lost her courage for a moment, and started to follow them.

Seeing himself about to be deserted entirely,

the Young Elephant called upon his mate, describing his danger and pleading for her help in these words:

"Gold-clawed creatures with projecting eyes,
Tarn-bred, hairless, clad in bony shell,
He has caught me! hear my woeful cries!—
Mate! don't leave me—for you love me well!"

Hearing this, his mate forgot her own fear, and turning, came back, saying:

"Leave you? never, never will I go—
Noble husband, with your years threescore.
All four quarters of the earth can show
None so dear as you have been of yore."

In this way she encouraged him; and then adding, "Noble sir, now I will talk to the Crab a while, and perchance I may be able to make him let you go," she addressed the Crab very sweetly in this third stanza:

"Of all the crabs that in the sea,
Ganges, or Nerbudda be,
You are best and chief, I know:
Hear me—let my husband go!"

As she spoke thus, the Crab's fancy was greatly smitten with the sound of her melodious

voice, as well as flattered by her praise of his greatness, so, not thinking what he did, he loosed his claws from the Young Elephant's leg, and tried to peer more closely in the direction from which the sweet words had come.

For the moment he had quite forgotten his captive, or what the latter would be likely to do when he was set free. But he was soon reminded, for the Young Elephant lifted up his foot, and stepped full upon the Crab's broad back, crushing his shell, and causing his protruding eyes to start out of his head.

Then the Young Elephant shouted the joy-cry, which told all the retreating elephants that he had conquered his enemy, whereupon they turned about and hastened back to the Tarn shore. There, with the help of the Young Elephant's mate, they pulled the Crab up out of the lake, and set him on the ground, defeated and helpless, and the whole herd trampled him to mincemeat.

And that was the end of the wicked Crab who lived in the Crab Tarn, and had terrorized the forest about it for so long. His two mighty claws were broken from the rest of his body, with the

trampling of the elephant herd. And—the lake being near the Ganges River—some time later when the river was in flood, it overflowed its banks and ran into the Crab Tarn, and later still, when the waters receded, they carried the two great claws back into the Ganges, and floated them down toward the sea.

One of them never reached the sea, because ten little princes, playing by the banks of the river one day, found it, and made a little drum of it for their games. This drum was afterward called the Ānaka, and was sung and told about for many years in old songs and legends of the people of that country. The other claw floated safely to the sea, and there it was found by a race of giant warriors called Titans, who also made a drum from it—a mighty war drum, which they named the Ālambara. And for years afterward whenever it thundered in that country, people used to tremble and say, "There is thunder like the Ālambara drum."

THE MONKEYS AND THE OGRE

IN past times, we are told, there was a thick forest on the spot where the village of Nalakapāna stands. And in the lake nearby, dwelt a water-ogre who used to devour every living thing that went down into the water to drink.

In those days the Bodhisatta had been born again as a monkey. He was as big as the fawn of the red deer, and very wise, and was king of a mighty troop of monkeys, numbering more than eighty thousand, who lived in the forest round about. His one care was for the safety of his subjects, and he had always been able to ward off all danger from them, as long as they heeded his counsels. One warning, in particular, he had repeated to them many times.

"My friends," he said, "in this forest there are trees that are poisonous, and lakes that are haunted by dangerous and cunning ogres. Never forget to ask me first before you either eat any

fruit which you have not eaten before, or drink of any water where you have not drunk before." This they had promised readily, remembering the many occasions when his warnings had saved them in the past.

While they remained in their familiar hunting grounds, there was no need to trouble themselves about unknown dangers. But one day the troop wandered farther than usual, and so came to a spot the monkeys had never visited.

Being thirsty after their wanderings, they began to search for water, and after a time some of them discovered a cool blue lake in the heart of the forest, and called their companions to come and see their discovery.

The rest of the troop came hurrying up but, thirsty as they were, not a monkey went down to the edge to drink. On the contrary, they seated themselves all about the lake in a big circle, and waited for the arrival of their wise king.

When he came, he glanced about him at the silent rows of monkeys, and asked them, "Well, my friends, why don't you drink?"

"We waited for you to come," they said, all speaking together.

"That was right, my friends," he approved. And bidding them remain where they were, he made a circuit of the lake, studying the footprints round it. It did not take him long to discover that all the footsteps led down to the water, but none came up again.

"Without doubt," he thought to himself, "this is the haunt of an ogre." So he said to his followers, "You were very wise, friends, not to drink of this water, for the lake is inhabited by an ogre."

When the water-ogre heard this, and realized that the monkeys were not coming down to the water, where he could drag them into his domain, he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, a white face, and bright red hands and feet. In this guise he came out from the water and called to them:

"Why are you all seated here? Go down into the water and drink since you are thirsty."

But the monkey king, being exceedingly wise, knew him for what he was. "Are you not the ogre of this water?" he asked in a voice all his subjects could hear.

The ogre was either too angry or too stupid to think of denying his identity, so he answered, "Yes, I am the ogre."

"And don't you take as your prey all who go down to drink in this lake?"

Then the ogre, growing very angry indeed at being questioned, tried to frighten the listening monkeys with threats.

"Yes, I do," he shouted. "From small birds upwards, I never let anything go which comes down into my water. I will eat the lot of you, too."

"But we do not propose to let you eat us."

"Just drink the water," the ogre retorted. "You are all thirsty. Sooner or later you will have to drink."

"Yes, we will drink the water, and yet not fall into your power," the king declared. "You think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a reed each, from the shore, and drink through it from your lake as easily as we could through the

hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us."

Saying this, the king commanded one of his followers to bring him a reed and when this was handed to him, he blew into it, and instantly a miracle was performed. Straightway the reed became hollow throughout, without a single knot being left in all its length. In the same fashion he had another, and still another reed brought to him, and blew into each of them in turn, and they, too, became hollow, like the first one.

Next the king made a tour of the lake, commanding all the reeds growing about it to become hollow. And because in a former life the king of the monkeys had been a very holy man, his command was fulfilled. Thenceforth every single reed that grew about that lake became hollow throughout. Whereupon the king of the monkeys seated himself with a reed in his hands; and all the other eighty thousand monkeys seated themselves, too, round the lake, each with a reed in his hands. At the moment when their leader sucked the water from the lake up through his reed, his subjects drank also, in the same manner, while they sat on the bank.

In this way they drank all the cool, sweet water they wanted, and not one of them could the ogre get; so he finally went off in a rage to his own habitation. And the king of the monkeys led his subjects back safely into the forest.

THE ROBBERS AND THE TREASURE

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, there was a brahmin in a village who knew the charm called Vedabbha. Now this particular charm was precious beyond all price. For, if at a certain conjunction of the planets, the person knowing the charm repeated it, and bent his gaze upwards to the skies, straightway from the heavens there would rain down upon him the Seven Things of Price,—gold, silver, pearl, coral, catseye, ruby and diamond.

In those days the Bodhisatta was a pupil of the brahmin; and one day his master left the village on some business, taking his pupil with him. They were bound for the country of Ceti, but on the way, passing through a forest, they were captured by a band of five hundred robbers who dwelt there, and who were known as "the Despatchers."

The reason for the band's name, so it was said,

came from a custom they had of *despatching* one of every two prisoners they took, to fetch the ransome while the robbers held the other captive until the messenger's return with the gold. If they captured a father and son, they would send the father for the ransom; if they caught a mother and daughter, they sent the mother; if their prisoners were two brothers, they let the elder go. And when they took a teacher and his pupil, they would send the pupil.

According to this rule of theirs then, they sent the Bodhisatta, to bring back the ransom that should free the brahmin, his master.

Now the Bodhisatta, although the pupil, was really wiser than his master, and on this occasion he was troubled over leaving the brahmin behind, because he knew that that same night the conjunction of the planets was due, when treasure might be called down from the heavens.

Therefore he bowed low to his master, and bad him have no fear, for he would return surely in a day or two bringing the ransom the robbers demanded. But he added a warning, speaking low that no ears other than the brahmin's might hear:

"Today will come to pass the conjunction of the planets, which brings about the rain of the Things of Price. Take heed lest, yielding to the temptation, you repeat the charm and call down the precious shower. For if you do, calamity will certainly befall both you and this band of robbers." Having thus warned the brahmin, the pupil went his way in quest of the ransom.

At sunset the robbers bound the brahmin and laid him by the heels for the night, that they might be free not to guard him. Just at that moment the full moon rose over the eastern horizon, and the brahmin, studying the heavens to take his mind off his misfortune, realized that the great conjunction was actually taking place.

"Why," thought he, "should I suffer this misery, when by repeating the charm I can call down the precious rain, pay the robbers, and go free?" He remembered that his pupil had begged him not to do this very thing, but he was so pleased with the idea of being able to win his freedom thus quickly and unaided, that he paid no attention to the warning.

Accordingly he called out to his captors, "Friends, why did you take me a prisoner?"

"To get a ransom, reverend sir," declared those nearest him.

"Well, if that is all you want," said the brahmin, "pray make haste and untie me. Have my head bathed, and new clothes put on me, and let me be perfumed and decked with flowers. Then leave me to myself, and the ransom shall be yours this very night."

The robbers, mystified, but curious to see what he intended, did everything as he had bidden them. The brahmin, marking the conjunction of the planets, repeated his charm with eyes uplifted to the heavens, and immediately the Things of Price rained down from the skies.

The robbers, drawn back to a respectful distance, watched the miracle with eyes starting from their sockets in wonder. All about the brahmin on the green grass lay a carpet of gold and silver, with pearls in soft drifts like snow, and the red fire of rubies scattered through them. They saw the paler tints of coral, the gleam of great catseyes, and diamonds so bright it blinded their eyes merely to behold them.

At last the great rain of precious things ceased, and the brahmin beckoned the robbers to

take their ransom. Still dazed with wonder, they advanced and picked up several hundred times the value of the ransom they had asked, wrapping their booty in their cloaks that they might carry it away.

Then, while it was still dark, they set out on the march, being afraid of the spot where such a miracle had occurred. The brahmin, not knowing what else to do, followed in the rear.

But as luck would have it, that same night the party was captured by a second band of five hundred robbers. The leader of the first band demanded of the second the reason he and his men had been set upon and captured. "For booty," was the answer.

"Oh, if booty is what you want," said the first leader, "then seize on that brahmin who follows behind us. By simply gazing up into the skies he can bring down riches like rain. It was he who gave us all that we have got."

So the second band of robbers allowed the first to go unharmed, and seized on the brahmin, crying, "Give us riches, too!"

"It would give me great pleasure," replied the latter mildly, "but it will be a year before the

requisite conjunction of the planets takes place again. If you will only be so good as to wait till then, I will invoke the precious shower for you."

"Rascally brahmin!" shouted the angry and disappointed robbers, "you made the other band rich off-hand, but want us to wait a whole year!" And they cut him in two with a sharp sword, and flung his body into the middle of the road. Then hurrying after the first band of robbers, they killed every man of them too, in hand-to-hand fighting, and seized the booty.

But no sooner had they won the fight, and captured the precious stones and gold, than they fell to fighting among themselves, and continued to battle until only two out of the whole band were left alive.

These two survivors managed to carry off the treasure between them to the jungle outside a nearby village, where they hid it carefully; and one of them sat there, sword in hand, to guard it, while the other went into the village to buy rice and have it cooked for their supper.

But the one guarding the treasure began to think to himself that when the second man re-

turned, he would have to divide this great wealth with him. So after a while he decided to kill his comrade the moment he came, and thus possess the treasure alone.

Meanwhile, the other had been reflecting along the same lines. "Suppose," thought he, "that I poison the rice, and give it to him to eat. I shall then have the whole treasure, and not have to divide it."

Accordingly when the rice had been boiled for him in the village, he first ate his own share, and then put poison into what was left, and carried it back to the jungle. He had scarcely set it down for his companion to eat, however, when the other robber lifted his sword and cut him in two with one blow, and lifting his body, carried it away and hid it in a secluded spot. He then returned and sitting down, ate the poisoned rice and died then and there. Thus by reason of the treasure, not only the brahmin, but the two bands of robbers had come to destruction, every one, exactly as the brahmin's wise pupil had foretold.

A day or two after, the Bodhisatta returned with the ransom, and not finding his master where he had left him, but seeing treasure strewn all

round about, his heart misgave him that, in spite of his advice, his master must have called down a shower of treasure from the skies, and that all had perished in consequence. He therefore proceeded along the road, searching, and came to where the brahmin's body lay, cloven in twain, by the way.

"Alas," he cried, "he is dead through not heeding my warning!"

Then with gathered sticks, he made a funeral pyre, and burnt his master's body, making an offering of wild flowers. Further along the road he came upon the five hundred "Despatches," where the second band had killed them, and continuing on his way, came by degrees upon the dead bodies of the other band.

Counting them, he found that all the thousand had been slain but two, and feeling sure that these had carried off the booty, and would doubtless fall to fighting over it between themselves, he pressed on to see where they had gone.

He followed the path by which, carrying the treasure, they had turned off into the jungle; and there he found the heap of bundles containing the treasure, and beside them the robber lying

dead with his rice bowl overturned at his side. Realizing the whole story at a glance, the brahmin's pupil set himself to search for the missing man, and at last found his body in the secret spot where it had been flung.

"And thus," mused the Bodhisatta, "through not following my counsel, my master in his self-will has been the means of destroying not himself only, but a thousand others also. Truly, they that seek their own gain by mistaken and misguided means shall reap ruin, even as my master."

Gathering together the bundles of treasure, he contrived to carry them out of the jungle to his own home, where he lived out the rest of his life, peacefully, using the treasure for the poor, in almsgiving and other good works.

THE RASH MAGICIAN

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born again as the son of a wealthy brahmin. As soon as the boy was old enough, he went to study at Takkasilā, where he received a complete education.

Later, in Benares, he enjoyed world-wide fame as a teacher, and had five hundred young brahmins as pupils. Among these was one named Sañjīva, to whom the Bodhisatta taught the spell for raising the dead to life. But though the young man was taught this, he was not taught the counter charm.

Proud of his new power, Sañjīva went one day with his fellow pupils to the forest wood-gathering, and there he came on a dead tiger.

"Now see me bring this tiger to life again," he boasted.

"You can't," the others declared.

"Only look and you will see me do it."

He was so confident that his companions were impressed.

"Well, if you can, then do so," they cried, and climbed hurriedly into the branches of a nearby tree, to be on the safe side in case the young man should be able to make his rash words good.

Then Sañjīva repeated the charm and struck the dead tiger with a potsherd. Up started the tiger, and quick as a flash of lightning sprang at Sañjīva and bit him in the throat, killing him instantly. It seemed as if that violent and ungrateful act had exhausted the full measure of the tiger's reawakened strength, for even as the young man fell, so fell the tiger too, lifeless, in the same spot. And there the two lay dead, side by side.

The young brahmins then climbed down out of their tree, gathered up their wood and returned to their master, to whom they told all that had happened.

"My dear pupils," said he, "mark herein how by reason of showing favor to the sinful, and paying honor where it is not due, Sañjīva has brought all this calamity upon himself." And

Up started the tiger, and quick as a flash of lightning sprang at Sañjīva

so saying, he uttered this warning stanza, as a lesson to the young brahmins:

"Befriend a villain, aid him in his need,
And, like that tiger which Sañjīva raised
To life, he straight devours you for your pains."

THE OWL AS KING

ONCE upon a time, the people who lived in the first years of the world gathered together, and took for their king a certain man, handsome, auspicious, commanding and altogether perfect.

The animals also gathered, and chose for their king the Lion; and the fish in the ocean chose for their ruler a fish called Ānanda. And all the birds in the Himalayas assembled upon a flat rock, crying,

"Among men there is a king, and among the beasts. Even the fish have one too, but amongst us birds, king there is none. We should not live in anarchy; we too should choose a king. Let us fix on someone fit to be set in the king's place!"

They searched about for such a bird, and finally chose the Owl. "Here is the bird we want," said they. And a bird made proclamation three times to all that there would be a vote taken on the matter.

After patiently hearing this announcement twice, on the third time up rose a crow to protest.

"Stay now!" he cried. "If this is what he looks like when he is being consecrated king, what will he look like when he is angry? Why, if he were only to look at us in anger, we should be scattered like sesame seeds thrown on a hot plate. I don't want to make this fellow king!" Then, to emphasize his objection, he spoke in rhyme:

"The Owl is king, you say, o'er all bird-kind;
With your permission, may I speak my mind?"

The birds answered, also in rhyme, granting him leave to speak:

"You have our leave, Sir, so it be good and right:
For other birds are young, and wise, and bright."

Thus permitted, the Crow continued his protest:

"I like not (with all deference be it said)
To have the Owl annointed as our Head.
Look at his face! if this good humor be,
What will he do when he looks angrily?"

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Then he flew up into the air, cawing out: "I don't like it! I *don't like it!*" The Owl rose and pursued him in anger, and thenceforth those two nursed enmity one towards another, which endures among all their descendants even to the present day. And while they were gone from the meeting, the birds chose a Golden Mallard for their king, and dispersed.

THE PEACOCK'S WOOING

ONCE on a time, in the first years of the world's history, as has just been related, the animals chose the Lion for their king, the fishes the monster fish Ānanda, and the birds the Golden Mallard.

Now this King Golden Mallard had a lovely young daughter, and so devoted to her was her royal father, that he promised to grant her any boon she should ask. As it happened, there was something the princess wanted very much indeed, and having her father's promise she took courage to ask that she be allowed to choose a husband for herself. The king, having passed his word, had to agree, and so he mustered all the birds together in the country of the Himalayas.

All manner of birds came: mallards, peacocks, and other birds too numerous to mention; and they flocked together on a great plateau of bare rock. Then the king sent for his daughter, and

bade her go and choose a husband after her own heart.

The young princess reviewed the great crowd of birds with care, and her eye lighted on the peacock with his neck of jewelled sheen and splendid tail of varied hue; and she chose him, saying, "Let this be my husband."

Then the assembly of the birds went up to the peacock, and saluted him, announcing, "Friend Peacock, this princess, in choosing her husband from among all these birds, has fixed her choice on you."

Carried away by his extreme joy, the peacock exclaimed, "Until this day you have never seen how agile I am," and in defiance of all decency and proper humility in the midst of that great assembly, he spread his wings and began to dance —and in dancing, he exposed the ugliness and awkwardness of his feet, which his gorgeous feathers had hidden heretofore.

Filled with shame at this braggart behavior, King Golden Mallard spoke: "This fellow has neither humility within his heart, nor decency in his outward manners. I certainly will not give my daughter to one so shameless." And there in

The young princess reviewed the great crowd of birds with care, and her eye lighted on the peacock with his neck of jewelled sheen and splendid tail of varied hue.

the midst of all that assembly of birds, he repeated this stanza:

"A pleasing note is yours, a lovely back,
A neck of lapis lazuli beside,
A fathom's length your outstretched feathers reach,
Alas, your dancing loses you your bride."

Right in the face of the whole gathering, King Royal Mallard gave his daughter to a handsome young mallard, a nephew of his. Whereupon, covered with shame at the loss of the mallard princess, the peacock rose straight up from the plateau of the assembly, and fled away. And the king went back to his own dwelling place, where he celebrated the marriage of his daughter to the young mallard, her cousin, with great magnificence.

THE LITTLE GILDMASTER

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares in Kāsi, the Bodhisatta was born into a gildmaster's family, and growing up, became a gildmaster himself, and was known as Gildmaster Little. Now a gildmaster, you must know, was a rather important man in the kingdom. Although not exactly an official of the king's court, he did have official relations with the king, and this particular Gildmaster Little was also a very wise and clever man, with a keen eye for signs and omens.

One day, on his way to wait upon the king, he came on a dead mouse lying in the road; and taking note of the position of the stars at that moment, he said aloud, "Any decent young fellow with his wits about him, has only to pick up that mouse, and he might start a business and keep a wife."

His words were overheard by a young man

of good family, but reduced circumstances, who happened to be passing. The young man knew Gildmaster Little by sight, and he knew, too, the latter's reputation for wisdom. So he said to himself, "That's a man who has always a reason for what he says. I will do well to heed his words." Accordingly he picked up the mouse.

At first he could see no way of making any profit on so apparently valueless a thing as a dead mouse, but after he had walked on for a while, he came to a tavern, and saw a beautiful, sleek and well-fed cat sitting in the doorway. At once the young man had an idea. Entering the tavern, he bargained with the tavern-keeper, and at last succeeded in selling him the mouse for his cat, for the sum of one farthing.

With the farthing, the thrifty young man bought molasses, and also filled a large watering can with drinking water. Coming on a group of flower gatherers returning from the forest, he gave each a tiny quantity of the molasses, and ladled the water out to them. In return, each of them gave him a handful of flowers, and by selling these flowers, the young man was able to return to the same spot on the following day, with

a larger quantity of molasses, and another pot of drinking water.

That day, the flower-gatherers gave him flowering plants, with half the flowers left on them, for his molasses and water; and these, as on the day before, the young man sold. Thus, in a little while he had obtained eight pennies.

Later, one rainy and windy day, the wind blew down a quantity of rotten branches, boughs and leaves in the king's pleasure ground, and the gardener did not see how to clear them away. Hearing of this, the young man came to him with an offer to remove the débris, if the wood and leaves might be his in payment. The gardener was highly delighted to make such an easy bargain, and closed with the offer at once.

Then this apt pupil of Gildmaster Little repaired to the children's playground, and in a very little while, by bribes of molasses, he had got all the children to go with him to the king's pleasaunce and there to collect every fallen branch and leaf into a big heap near the entrance.

Now at that time the king's potter was on the look-out for fuel to fire bowls for the palace, and coming on this fine pile, he took the whole of it

off the young man's hands, paying him sixteen pennies and five beautiful bowls for it.

Having now twenty-four pennies in all, a new plan occurred to this industrious young man. He went to the vicinity of the city gate with a great earthern jar of sweet, cool water, and supplied five hundred mowers with water to drink.

These hot, weary, thirsty men were very grateful, as may be imagined, for the refreshing water, and said to him, "You have done us a good turn, friend. What can we do for you?"

"Oh, I'll tell you when I want your aid," he declared.

Later still, in the city, as he went about, the young man struck up an intimacy with two men, one of them being a land-trader, and the other a sea-trader; and in the course of their talk, the land-trader told him that the following day a horse dealer was coming to town with five hundred horses to sell.

On hearing this piece of news the young man hurried off to the city gate, and there met his friends, the grateful mowers.

"The time has come when you can repay me," he told them. "I want each of you to give me a

bundle of grass, and not to sell your own grass until I have disposed of mine."

"Certainly," they agreed, and delivered the five hundred bundles of grass at the young man's house.

When the horse dealer arrived in town, he found himself unable to purchase a single bundle of grass, except from Gildmaster Little's enterprising pupil, and for the five hundred bundles he needed for his horses, he was forced to pay a thousand pieces.

Only the next day, the young man's other friend, the sea-trader also had a piece of interesting news to impart. Said he, "A large ship has just arrived in port, with an exceedingly rich cargo." Whereupon a second ingenious plan occurred to the young man, and he immediately proceeded to put it into execution.

He hired for eight pence a well appointed carriage which plied for hire by the hour, and in it our friend rode down in great style to the port. Here he bought the ship and her cargo on credit, depositing his signet ring as security, and had a fine pavilion pitched hard by. In this he took his seat, and stationed three ushers near the en-

trance, saying to them, "When merchants arrive to buy this ship's cargo, each of you in succession pass them in to my presence."

Hearing that a ship had arrived in port, about a hundred merchants came down to buy her cargo, only to be informed that they could not do so, as a great merchant had already made a payment on account, and they must therefore deal with him. So away they all went to the young man, and the three ushers successively announced them, as had been arranged beforehand.

The merchants were duly impressed by the importance of the new owner of the ship, and each gave him a thousand pieces to buy a share in the ship, and then still another thousand each to buy him out altogether. So it was with two hundred thousand pieces that this pupil of Gildmaster Little returned in triumph to Benares.

Actuated by a desire to show his gratitude, he went with one hundred thousand pieces to call on Gildmaster Little.

"But how did you come by all this wealth?" asked the Gildmaster, in amazement.

"In four short months, simply by following your advice," the young man replied modestly;

and he thereupon told the wise man the whole story, beginning with the dead mouse.

The Lord High Gildmaster on hearing all this was filled the more with astonishment, and he thought to himself, "I must certainly see that a young fellow of these parts does not fall into anyone else's hands."

So he married him to his own grown-up daughter, and settled all the family estates on his son-in-law. And at the Gildmaster's death, the young man inherited his honors, becoming gildmaster in his stead, in that city.

THE FOWLER AND THE QUAILS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a quail, and lived in the forest at the head of many thousands of quails. Now in those days a fowler, whose business it was to catch quails, came to that place; and he used to imitate the note of a quail so cleverly that the birds thought it was one of their own kind calling.

Hearing the call, they would draw together, whereupon the fowler would rise from his hiding place and quickly throw his net over them, whipping the sides of the net together so that all the quails would be huddled under it in a heap, unable to make their escape. Then the fowler would cram them into his basket joyously, and going home, would sell them to make a living for his wife and himself.

After this had been going on for some time, the leader of the quails called a council of his followers and said to them, "This fowler is mak-

ing havoc among our kinsfolk, but if you will listen to my words, I have a device whereby he will be unable to catch us any more. Henceforth, the very moment he throws the net over you, let each one put his head through a mesh and then all of you together must fly away with the net to a distance, and there let it down on a thorn-brake. This done, we will all escape from our several meshes."

The quails saw that this was a good plan, and agreed readily to do as their leader advised. So on the morrow, when the net was cast over them, they did just as he had told them, and lifting up the net, flew off with it and let it down on a distant thorn-brake, escaping themselves, from underneath.

While the fowler (who was very much surprised at what had so unexpectedly happened to him) was still disentangling his net from the thorn-brake, evening came on, and he was forced to return home empty-handed.

On the next day, and the next, and for several thereafter, the quails played the same trick successfully. So that it finally became the regular thing for the fowler to be engaged till sunset

disentangling his net, and then to betake himself home empty-handed. Accordingly his wife grew angry, and said, "Day by day you return empty-handed. I suppose you have another wife and home somewhere else, on which you spend your money."

"No, my dear," the fowler protested earnestly, "I have no other wife or home anywhere. The fact is that those quails have come to work together now. The moment my net is over them, off they fly with it and escape, leaving it on a thorn-brake. Still they won't live in peace always; as soon as they start quarrelling among themselves I shall bag the lot, and that will bring a smile to your face to see." And he added this little rhyme to console her:

"The birds bear off the net while peace prevails,
When quarrels rise, once more I'll bag my quails."

Alas! it turned out just as the fowler had predicted. Not long after this, one of the quails, in alighting on their feeding ground, trod by accident on another's head.

"Who trod on my head?" the latter cried angrily.

The first quail tried to be properly apologetic. "I did; but I didn't mean to. Please don't be angry."

But notwithstanding his apology, the other continued to make rude remarks about his neighbor's clumsiness, and these finally led to retorts in kind from the first quail, so that before two or three minutes had passed they were both quarrelling violently, and bandying taunts, saying, "I suppose it is you, single-handed, who lift up the net"; each belittling the other's efforts toward carrying off the fowler's net, and claiming greater credit for himself.

Hearing them continue to wrangle thus foolishly and angrily with one another, the leader thought to himself, "There's no safety where one is quarrelsome. The time has come when they will no longer all work together to lift up the net, and thereby they will come to great destruction. The fowler will get his opportunity. I can help them no more." And followed by the rest of the quails who had not been drawn into the quarrel, he flew sadly away to another part of the forest.

Sure enough the fowler came back again a few days later, and by his old trick of imitating

the call of a quail, soon collected together the quarrelers who had been left behind, and threw his net over them.

Then one of the quails said tauntingly to the other, as they were under the net, "They say when you were at work lifting this net in the past, the hair of your head fell off. Now's your time to show your strength; lift away!" To which the other rejoined, "When you were lifting the net, they say both your wings moulted. Now's your time; lift away!"

But while they were each inviting the other to lift the net, the fowler lifted it for them, and cramming both those foolish young quails into his basket, clapped the cover on tightly, and went home to show them to his wife, whose face thereupon was wreathed in smiles of joy, just as he had promised her it would be.

THE HAUGHTY SLAVE

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a wealthy landowner. Another landowner, a friend of his, was an old man who had married a young wife, and had one son, the heir to all his property.

Reflecting one day that he was drawing near his end, the old man thought to himself, "As soon as I am dead, this girl, being so young, will marry heaven knows whom, and spend all my money, instead of handing it over to my son. Wouldn't it be my best course to bury my money safely in the ground?"

So, in the company of a household slave of his named Nanda, he went to the forest and buried his riches at a certain spot, saying to the slave, "My good Nanda, reveal the hiding place of this treasure to my son after I am gone, and don't let this wood where we have buried it, be sold."

Soon after giving this injunction to his slave,

the old landowner died. Now in due course, the son grew up, and one day his mother said to him, "My son, your father, in the company of Nanda, buried his money in a place he would not reveal to me. Get it back, and look after the property of the family."

Accordingly the son sought out Nanda, and asked him, "Uncle, is there any treasure that my father buried?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where?" the landowner's son demanded with eagerness.

And Nanda answered respectfully, "In the forest, my lord, at a place I can show you."

"Then, let us go there with all haste," said the son. So they took a spade and basket, and the two departed for the forest, to which the old landowner had gone years before with Nanda. Standing in the green aisles of the trees, the son looked about him and said to Nanda, "Well, Uncle, where do we dig for the money?"

But by the time Nanda had reached the spot he remembered so well, he was quite puffed up with his own importance in being the only person who knew of its whereabouts, and he began to

abuse his young master, saying, "You son of a slave-girl, how should you have any money here? You can never find it now."

The landowner's son, pretending not to have heard this insolence, simply said, "Let us be going then," and took the slave home with him. But two or three days later, Nanda once more offered to guide him to the treasure, and they returned to the forest.

This time, however, as on the previous occasion, the sight of the hiding place of his old master's fortune so worked upon the slave's imagination and conceit that he became even more violently abusive than before, and refused to reveal the secret. Without answering in kind, the landowner's son led the way home, but on the road he turned the matter over and over in his mind.

He thought to himself, "At starting, Nanda apparently really means to give me the money, but no sooner does he reach the woods than he becomes insolent and will tell me nothing. I cannot see the reason for this, but I believe my father's old friend and neighbor, the landowner,

might unravel the mystery for me, since he is reputed a most wise and just man."

Accordingly he went to the Bodhisatta, and laying the whole matter before him, asked him what was the real reason of Nanda's strange behavior.

Said the Bodhisatta, "The spot at which the slave stands to abuse you, my friend, is the place where your father's money is buried. Therefore, go there once again, and as soon as Nanda becomes insolent and abusive, say to him, 'Whom are you talking to, slave?' Then quickly, before he has time to recover his wits, pull him away from the spot, and begin to dig there. When you have come to your family treasure, remove it, and make the slave carry it home for you." So saying, he reiterated his advice, by repeating this stanza:

"Methinks the treasure buried lies
Where Nanda, low-born slave, so loudly cries!"

Taking a respectful leave of his father's old friend, the son went home, and ordered Nanda to go with him once more to the forest. Arrived

at the spot where the slave had become violent on the former occasions, the same scene was again re-enacted. The landowner's son listened quietly until the slave paused for breath, and then, faithfully following the advice he had that day received, he caught the surprised Nanda by the arm, jerking him roughly away from the grassy, level spot on which he had been standing.

"Whom are you talking to, slave?" he cried indignantly. "Stand away! I myself will dig, for my father's treasure lies buried in this place."

Believing that the young man must have learned the secret through some supernatural agency, since he himself had not revealed it, and awed as cowards and bullies always are by a fearless assumption of authority, Nanda cowered back, wordless for once, and watched his master dig up the buried horde of gold and jewels. Later, when these had been safely recovered, he meekly bore them home on his own shoulders, all thoughts of rebellion gone from him.

After this the landowner's son administered his inherited property fairly and honestly, obeying the councils of his father's old friend in all

things, and living a life spent in charity and many good works until at a ripe old age, he too, passed away, to receive the reward of his stewardship.

THE CONVERTED MISER

ONCE on a time there was, in Benares, a gildmaster by the name of Illīsa, who had much treasure, but who was also possessed of most of the ills that fall to the lot of man. He was lame, crooked-backed and had a squint; moreover, he was as ugly in disposition as in body, for he was an unconverted infidel, and a miser who neither gave of his great store of riches to anyone in need, nor enjoyed it himself. His house was a most miserable place, and his family were all unhappy.

For seven generations, his ancestors had been charitable and generous, giving freely to the poor; but when Illīsa became gildmaster, he broke through the traditions of his house, and horded his great wealth, letting it do good to no one. He even burned down the almonry his father had built, where alms were dispensed to the needy, and drove all applicants for charity from his door with blows and hard words.

One day, when returning from attendance on the king, he saw a poor peasant who had journeyed far, and was weary, seated on a bench, filling a mug from a jar of wine and drinking it off, with a bit of dried fish as a relish. At this sight Gildmaster Illīsa began to feel thirsty himself; but as usual he began to look ahead cautiously, to see whether there might not be some expense connected with indulging his wish.

"If I drink," he said to himself, "all my acquaintances will surely want to drink with me, and that would be a ruinous expense. It is better to continue thirsty."

Still, in spite of his selfish fear of showing hospitality to others, he kept on growing thirstier and thirstier, for the day was hot and he had been walking in the sun. At last, what with the heat, and his own struggle between his thirst and his miserly fears, he began to feel actually ill, and returning to his home crawled into bed, and lay there groaning.

Hearing him, his wife came in to ask, "What has gone amiss with my lord? Is there anything I can do to help you?"

After a while, when she had continued asking

him, he told her about the peasant and his cool and pleasant drink. Illīsa's wife at once offered to make some wine for him, but to this the miser had another objection.

"No, no," he said. "If you make wine in the house, the neighbors will be on the watch, and see you do it. Then they will come in, and expect to drink with me. And if I send out and buy spirits, and drink here, they will see the slave go and return, and the result will be the same."

At last, however, he bethought him of a plan. He sent a slave to the tavern, with a penny, to buy him a jar of spirits, ordering the man not to return home with it, but to carry it to the riverside, and set it down in a certain thicket near the highway.

There the wretched gildmaster waited for the slave, and when he had come with the jar, bade him retire to a distance and wait for him. Then, all alone in the thicket, the selfish Illīsa filled his cup, and drank by himself, far from prying eyes or self-invited guests.

Now the gildmaster's dead father had been a man as different from his son as might be. He

had been bountiful, given to hospitality, and had lived a life full of charity and all manner of good works. When he died, as a reward of his many virtues, he had been reborn into the realm of the gods as Sakka, who was king over all the others. At the very moment when the miserly Illīsa was drinking alone in the thicket down by the river, Sakka was wondering whether his many charities and good works were being kept up on earth, by his son.

So looking down, he beheld Illīsa, and very soon had discovered all the truth of the stopping of his bounty, and his son's behavior. By his miraculous powers, he was able to see how Illīsa, breaking through all the fine traditions of his ancestors, had burned the almonry and driven the poor from his gates with blows. Last of all, he saw how—fearing to share with others—the son he had left on earth had now crept away by himself to drink alone, that he need not be called on to divide with his neighbors.

Filled with anger by the sight, Sakka said to himself, "I will go to my son and make him see that deeds have their consequences; I will work his conversion, and make him charitable and

worthy, like all the other members of his house before him."

Sakka therefore came down to earth, assuming the appearance of his own son, Gildmaster Illīsa, with the latter's lameness, and crookedness and his squint. In this guise he entered the city of Rājagaha and made his way to the palace gate, where he bade his coming to be announced to the king.

The king ordered the gildmaster to be brought before him, so the false Illīsa entered, and stood, with many bows, before his sovereign.

"What brings you here at this unusual hour, Lord Gildmaster?" the king demanded.

Then Sakka, speaking as Illīsa his son, made answer, bowing low once more, "I am come, sire, because I have in my house eighty crores of treasure. I wish to give them all to your majesty. Deign, therefore, to send and have them carried here to fill the royal treasury."

But the king refused to accept this amazing offer. "Nay, nay, my Lord Gildmaster," he said. "The treasure within my palace is greater even than this. I have no need of your wealth."

"Then if you will not accept it, sire," Sakka declared, "I shall give it away to whom I will."

"Do so by all means, Gildmaster," said the king, and the pretended Illīsa, with due obeisance, departed from the royal palace, and went to the house of the real gildmaster, his son.

Here the servants were all gathered about the door, but not one of them could tell him from the genuine Illīsa, and of course never thought of preventing his entrance. Once inside the house, Sakka sent for the porter, to whom he gave orders that if anybody resembling himself should appear and claim to be the master of the house, the servants should soundly cudgel such an one, and throw him out.

Then, mounting the stairs to the upper story, Sakka seated himself on a couch and sent for Illīsa's wife. Even she did not suspect he was not her husband, but she was certainly very much astonished when he said to her, "My dear, I have decided that it is time we were more charitable, and gave alms to the poor. Let us therefore consider what is best to be done first."

At these words, his wife, his children, and the

servants in the hall below, all thought, "It is a long time since he was this way minded. It must be because he has been drinking wine today that he is so good natured and generous." And his wife hastened to say to him, "Be as charitable as you please, my husband." For she hoped that this change of heart might prove to be permanent, and that all their lives would be happier in consequence.

"Send for the crier," Sakka commanded, "and bid him proclaim by beat of drum all through the city that anyone who wants gold, silver, diamonds, pearls and the like, is to come to the house of Illīsa the Gildmaster."

His wife did as he bade, though she was more amazed than before at this unheard-of lavishness. Soon a large crowd had assembled at the gildmaster's door, carrying baskets and sacks. Then Sakka ordered the treasure chambers to be thrown open, and cried loudly, "This is my gift to you, people of Rājagaha! Take what you will, and go your ways."

The crowd, wasting no time, quickly seized on the riches that were stored there, and piled them in heaps on the floor, filling the bags and vessels

they had brought with gold and precious stones, so that one and all they returned to their homes laden with spoils.

Among them was a countryman, who yoked Illīsa's oxen to Illīsa's carriage, filled it with the Seven Things of Price—gold, silver, pearl, coral, catseye, ruby and diamond—and journeyed out of the city on to the highway. As he went along, he sang aloud the gildmaster's praises, and as the oxen and carriage drew near the thicket where the real gildmaster was still drinking alone, the latter heard his own name mentioned thus: "May you live to be a hundred, my good lord Illīsa! What you have done for me this day will enable me to live without doing another stroke of work. Whose were these oxen?—yours. Whose was this carriage?—yours. Whose the wealth in the carriage?—yours again. It was no father or mother who gave me all this; no, it came solely from you, my lord."

These astonishing words filled the hidden gildmaster with a great fear and trembling. "Why, the fellow is mentioning my name in his wild talk," he whispered, doubting his own ears. "Can it be possible that in my absence the king

has been distributing my wealth to the people?"

At the bare thought he bounded from the bush, and immediately recognizing his oxen and carriage, seized the oxen by the cord, crying, "Stop, fellow! These oxen and this cart belong to me!"

Down leaped the countryman from the cart, angrily exclaiming, "You rascal; Illīsa the Gildmaster is giving away his wealth to all the city. What has come to you, that you make a foolish claim like this?"

Saying this he sprang at the gildmaster, and struck him on the back like a falling thunderbolt, leaving him lying on the ground, and drove off triumphantly with the cart.

Illīsa picked himself up, trembling in every limb, wiped the mud off his face, and hurrying after the cart, once more seized hold on it.

Again the countryman got down, and catching Illīsa by the hair, doubled him up, and beat him violently about the head for some time; then taking him by the throat, he flung him back the way he had come and drove off.

Sobered by this rough treatment, Illīsa hurried home. Arriving at his gateway, and seeing

folk making off with his treasure, he fell into a frenzy, and ran about in the crowd, laying hands on the men, and trying to tear their filled sacks from them, at the same time shrieking, "Hi! what is this? Is the king despoiling me? Give back! It is mine."

But not being strong, or trained in fighting, every man he laid hold of had no difficulty at all in knocking the frantic gildmaster down, and making off with his sack of treasure. Bruised and smarting, Illīsa at last sought to take refuge in his house, but was promptly stopped on the threshold by the porters, who dared to address him—their master—thus: "Halloa, you rascal! And where might you think you are going?"

Paying no attention to his assertions and threats, they first thrashed him soundly, and then threw him out of doors.

"There is none but the king now, that can see me righted," poor Illīsa groaned, picking himself up for the dozenth time that day, and feeling of his aches and bruises. "The whole world is gone mad, without doubt."

So he betook himself, groaning, to the palace.

Gaining an audience with the king, he cried, "Why, oh, why, sire, have you plundered your faithful servant like this?"

The king looked on him in surprise. "Nay, but it was not I, my Lord Gildmaster, as you know full well," he said mildly. "Did you not yourself come to me this very morning, and declare your intention of giving your wealth away if I would not accept it? And did you not then send the crier around and carry out your threat?"

"Oh, sire, indeed it was not I that came to you on such an errand," the gildmaster wept in despair. "Your majesty knows how near and close I am, and how I never give away so much as the tiniest drop of oil which a blade of grass will take up. May it please your majesty to send for him who has given my substance away, and to question him on the matter?"

The king therefore sent for Sakka, and when he arrived, so exactly alike were the two that neither the king nor his court could tell which was the real gildmaster. The miser Illīsa protested, "Who, and what, sire, is this gildmaster? *I* am the gildmaster."

"Well, really I can't say which is the real

Illīsa," said the king. "Is there anybody who can distinguish between you for certain?"

Illīsa answered eagerly, "Send for my wife, sire. She will recognize me."

Accordingly the wife was sent for, and the king asked her which of the two men before her was her husband. Without hesitation she declared Sakka was her husband, and went and stood beside him. Then, in turn, Illīsa's children and his servants were brought in, and asked the same question, and all with one accord declared that Sakka was the real gildmaster.

But Illīsa refused to give up yet. It occurred to him that he had a wart on his head, hidden by his hair, and that no one but his barber knew of its existence. So, as a last resource, he begged that his barber be sent for also.

This was done, and when the man appeared he admitted that he felt sure he could tell the two apart, if he might be allowed to look at their heads. But Sakka, knowing what was in his mind, caused a wart to rise on his own head, in the identical spot where it could be felt on the head of the real Illīsa. After examining both claimants, the puzzled barber was forced to ad-

mit that he could not tell one head from the other.

Hearing his last hope thus fail him, the gildmaster began to tremble in fear, and such was his anguish over losing his beloved riches, that he straightway fell down before the king's throne in a swoon. Thereupon Sakka, by his divine powers, rose in the air, and seated there on nothing, above their heads, addressed the king in these words, "Not Illīsa am I, oh, king, but Sakka."

Then those around dashed water in Illīsa's face, and he recovered from his swoon, and learning who the pretended gildmaster had been, he bowed to the ground before Sakka, king of gods. But Sakka spoke mildly to him, "Illīsa, mine was the wealth, not thine; I am thy father and thou art my son. In my lifetime I was bountiful to the poor, and rejoiced in doing good; wherefore am I advanced now to this high estate, and become Sakka, king of the gods. But thou, my son, hast not walked in my footsteps, but art grown a miser. Thou hast burnt my almonry to the ground, driven the poor from my gate, and hoarded up the riches I left to thee. Thou hast no enjoyment from these riches thyself, nor has

any other human being; but thy store of treasure is become like a cool and refreshing pool haunted by ogres, whereat no man may drink, and slake his thirst. However, if thou wilt rebuild mine almonry, and show charity to the poor, thou shalt be forgiven. But if thou dost not repent, and do as I command thee, then will I strip thee of all thou hast, and cleave thy head with this thunderbolt of Indra, and thou shalt die."

At this threat, Illīsa, quaking for his life, cried out, "Henceforth I will be charitable. I swear it!" And Sakka, accepting his promise, sent him home to his family, where according to the wording of the old chronicle, Illīsa really did reform as he had agreed to do, and "was diligent in almsgiving and other good works" up to the day of his death.

THE STUPID MONKEYS

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, a great festival was proclaimed in the city, and at the first notes of the festal drum, out poured all the townsfolks in a gay stream, to keep holiday.

Now in those days a tribe of monkeys lived in the trees of the king's pleasure ground, and as they were very imitative naturally, it often happened that they would follow the head gardener about, trying to copy all his actions. Often they pretended to be an army of gardeners, watering the trees with imaginary watering pots, just as they saw the head gardener and his men do with real ones.

The gardener was much amused to see himself thus faithfully copied, and used to grow quite boastful of the clever mimicry of the monkeys in the king's pleasure grounds, declaring that if his under-gardeners should one day leave him,

he had plenty of well trained, dumb workers to take their places at a moment's notice.

On the great day of the festival in Benares, the head gardener listened enviously to the beating of the festal drums calling, calling the people from all over the city, to come and make merry. But he dared not take a holiday himself, leaving the tender young trees in the garden unwatered, nor allow any of his men to go.

Yet as the gay drums continued their calling, the head gardener and his men grew more and more anxious to take part in the merry-making with the rest of the city. Then, suddenly, the head gardener bethought him of his boasts about the monkeys. He felt that he had had a most brilliant idea, and he said to his men, "I'll get the monkeys to do the watering for us, and we can then be free to go into the city and enjoy the festival with the others."

So he went to the king of the monkeys, and first dwelling very impressively on the pleasure his majesty, Brahmadatta, and all the court enjoyed from the fruit, flowers and tender young shoots in the pleasure ground, he wound up his discourse by saying, "Today there is holiday-

making in the city. Couldn't you and your monkeys water the young trees while we are away?"

"Oh, yes, indeed we can," exclaimed the monkey king, much elated at the prospect of really doing what he and his subjects had played at as a game for so long.

"Well, mind you do," said the head gardener; and off he went, after giving the monkeys the water skins and wooden watering pots with which to do the work.

Then the monkeys, in high glee, took up the water skins and watering pots, and fell to watering the trees with great care and energy.

"But we must mind not to waste the water," observed the monkey king, scratching his head and looking very wise. "And the best way to avoid that is, as you water, first to pull up each young tree, and look at the size of its roots. Then give plenty of water to those whose roots strike deep, but only a little to those with tiny roots. When this water is all gone, we shall be hard put to it to get more."

"To be sure," agreed all the monkeys, proud

Then the monkeys, in high glee, took up the water skins and watering pots and fell to watering the trees

of their king's cleverness. "That is the thing to do."

And they all went about pulling up the young trees in the pleasure ground, and examining their roots with elaborate care.

While they were thus engaged, a certain wise man belonging to the court, came into the pleasure ground to walk about in the quiet, and there he beheld the army of monkeys uprooting the young trees. Seeking out one of the monkeys, he demanded of him why he and his people were doing this thing.

"Because such are our king's commands," returned the monkey proudly. "We are in charge today of watering this pleasure ground, while the head gardener and his men have gone to the festival, and we must on no account waste the precious water."

Since it was then too late to save the young trees, the wise man continued his walk, reflecting on how, with every desire to do good, the ignorant and foolish only succeed in doing harm. What the head gardener said to the monkeys when he returned from the city, and beheld the ruin wrought in the garden, the story does not go

on to say,—nor—what is surely more to the point —does it tell us what the king who owned the pleasure ground had to say to his head gardener. But we may feel quite safe in believing that it was probably something very, very unpleasant. However, doubtless the head gardener minded that much more than the monkeys did.

THE GRATEFUL ANIMALS

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, he had a son who went by the name of Prince Wicked. He was fierce and cruel, speaking to everyone about him with abuse and blows, terrifying the folk within and without the palace until they came to dread him as if he had been a veritable ogre.

One day, wishing to swim in the river that ran hard by the palace, he took with him his retinue of courtiers and servants, and went down to the bank. At the same time, the air began to grow dark, and a great storm came up. But the prince insisted upon going into the river, just the same.

"Hi, there!" he cried to his servants, "take me out to mid-stream, bathe me there, and bring me back again."

So they took him out to mid-stream, although the waves were beating higher along the river,

and the darkness of night had come down and covered the country about them. However, when they had carried the prince out to the middle of the river, the servants took council together, saying "What will he do to us when he is king? Let us kill the wicked wretch now, while we have the opportunity, and go back and tell his father that he drowned in the storm." Then, giving the prince a push, all together, they cried out to him above the noise of the wind and rain, "In you go, pest!" and flung him into the water.

When they had made their way ashore, they went up to the palace, and being asked where the prince was, replied, "We have missed him somehow in the darkness. Finding the storm come on suddenly, he must have gone home ahead of us."

The courtiers then went into the king's presence, and replied to his questions as to the whereabouts of his son, by saying the same thing.

When a search of the palace failed to reveal the prince, the king, greatly alarmed, ordered the gates to be thrown open, and through them he and all his courtiers marched down to the riverside. Here they commenced to search for

the missing prince with great diligence. But no trace of the king's wicked son could be found, for in the darkness of the storm he had been swept away by the current in the river.

He had not been carried far when he was washed up against a huge tree trunk, also floating on the angry surface of the water. Getting a firm hold on the branches, the prince managed to climb up on the broad trunk, and so was swept on downstream, crying aloud from time to time, in great fear of a speedy death by drowning.

Now some years before, a wealthy gildmaster in Benares had buried forty crores of treasure in the bank of the river, close by a hole in which lived a big snake. About the same time another man in the city, had also chosen the river bank, at the same spot, to bury thirty crores of treasure in, under a hole in which lived an old, wise water rat. Still later, both men had died without recovering their buried wealth, and no one remained who knew of its existence, except only the snake and the rat.

In the storm which swept Prince Wicked down the river, the rising water had rushed into the holes of the snake and rat, so the two crea-

tures struggled out through the same way the water was coming in. Being swept out into the current, they were washed up, by chance, against the very tree trunk to which the prince was clinging. The snake climbed up at one end, and the rat at the other, and both got a foothold with the prince on the trunk.

As the trunk floated down the river, a silk-cotton tree in which lived a young parrot, was uprooted by the swollen waters, and fell, shaking the parrot out of its branches, onto the self-same trunk on which crouched the snake, the prince and the rat. So now there were these four floating down stream together upon the tree.

On the shore, close by a bend in the river which the tree was now approaching, a certain wise and holy hermit had built himself a hermitage. And that night, as he was pacing to and fro, meditating on holy things, he heard the loud cries of the prince drifting down the river, and thought to himself, "This fellow creature must not perish before the eyes of so merciful and compassionate a hermit as I am. I will go and rescue him from the water."

Leaving his warm, safe hermitage, he went

down to the bank, shouting aloud cheerily, "Be not afraid! Be not afraid!" and plunging into the stream, swam out to the floating tree-trunk, and seized hold on one of the branches. Being as strong as an elephant, the hermit was able to draw the whole tree and its cargo of living creatures ashore with one long pull, and set the prince safe and sound upon the shore. Then becoming aware of the snake, the rat and the parrot also on the tree, he carried them up to his hermitage, and lighting a fire there, warmed the animals first, since they were the weaker, and afterward the prince.

As soon as they were comfortable, the hermit brought various kinds of fruit, and set them before his guests, feeding the animals first and the prince afterwards. This enraged the young prince, who was used to being flattered and treated with great deference in his father's palace, and he said to himself, "This rascally hermit pays no respect to my royal birth, but actually gives brute beasts precedence over me." And he hated the hermit.

A few days later, when all four had recovered their strength and the waters had subsided, the

snake bade farewell to the hermit with these words, "Father, you have done me a great service. I am not poor, for I have forty crores of gold hidden at a certain spot. Should you ever want money, all my hoard shall be yours. You have only to come to the spot and call 'Snake!'"

Next the rat took his leave with a like promise to the hermit as to his treasure, bidding him come and call out "Rat!" Then the parrot bade him farewell also, saying, "Father, silver and gold have I none; but should you ever want for choice rice, come to where I dwell, and call out 'Parrot!' and I with the aid of my kinsfolk will give you many wagon-loads of rice."

Last of all came the prince. His heart was filled with base ingratitude and with a determination to put his benefactor to death if the hermit should come to visit him. But, concealing his real feelings, he said, "Come, Father, to me when I am king, and I will bestow on you the Four Requisites." So saying, he took his departure, and returning home, he not long after succeeded to his father's throne.

Some time afterward, the desire came on the

hermit to put all their professions to the test; and first of all, he went to the snake and standing near its hole, cried out as the creature had bidden him, "Snake!"

At the word the snake darted forth and, with every mark of respect, said, "Father, in this place there are forty crores in gold. Dig them up and take them all."

"It is well," returned the hermit; "when I need them I will not forget." Then, bidding the snake adieu, he went on to where the rat lived, and called out "Rat!" And the rat did as the snake had done, offering all his thirty crores of treasure.

Going next to the parrot, and calling him by name, the bird at once flew down at his call from the tree top, and respectfully asked whether it was the hermit's wish that he, with the aid of his kinsfolk, should gather paddy for him from the region round the Himalayas.

The holy man dismissed the parrot also with the promise that, if need arose, he would not forget the bird's offer. Last of all, being minded to test the wicked prince (who was now king in

his father's place) the hermit came to the royal pleasure ground, and on the day after his arrival made his way, carefully dressed, into the city on his rounds for alms.

Just at that moment, the ungrateful king, seated in all his royal splendor on his elephant of state, was passing in a great procession around the city. Seeing the hermit from afar, he thought to himself, "Here's that rascally hermit come to quarter himself and his appetite on me. I must have his head off before he can publish to the world the service he rendered me."

With this intention, he signed to his attendants, and when they drew near to ask his pleasure, he said to them, "Methinks yonder rascally hermit is here to beg from me. See that this creature of ill omen does not look upon me, but seize and bind him, flog him at every street corner, and then march him out of the city, chop off his head at the place of execution, and impale his body on a stake."

Obeying the king's commands, the attendants bound the innocent hermit, whose only crime had been saving the wicked monarch's life, and flogged him at every street corner on the way to

the place of execution. But all their flogging failed to move the hermit, or to make him cry out. All he did was to repeat these lines:

> "In some men gratitude you fail to find;
> While animals are grateful, true and kind."

These he continued to repeat whenever he was flogged, till at last the wise among the bystanders asked the hermit what service he had rendered to their king. Then the hermit told the whole story, ending with the words, "So it comes to pass that by rescuing him from the torrent I brought all this woe upon myself. And when I reflect upon this, I exclaim as ye have heard."

Filled with indignation at this tale of injustice, the nobles, the brahmins and all classes with one accord cried out, "This ungrateful king does not recognize even the goodness of this holy man who saved his majesty's life. How can we have any profit from such a king? Seize the tyrant!" In their anger they rushed upon the king from every side, and slew him there and then, as he rode on his elephant, with arrows and javelins and stones and clubs, and any other weapons that came to hand. The corpse they dragged by

the heels to a ditch and flung it in, and they anointed the hermit king and set him to rule over them.

He ruled over them well and justly, but one day, as he was thinking on the past, the desire came to him again to try the rat and the snake and the parrot. So calling together his followers, he set forth from the city with a great retinue, and came to where the snake dwelt.

At the first call of "Snake!" out came the snake from his hole, and with every mark of respect, said, "Here, my lord, is your treasure. Take it." Then the king delivered the forty crores of gold to his attendants, and proceeding to the rat's hole called "Rat!" Out came the rat, and saluting the king, gladly gave up his thirty crores. Placing this treasure, too, in the hands of his followers, the king continued on to the tree in which lived the parrot. And in like manner, the bird came and, bowing down at the king's feet, asked whether he should collect rice for his majesty.

"We will not trouble," the king told him, "till rice is needed. Now let us be going." So with seventy crores of gold, and with the rat, the snake

and the parrot as well, the king journeyed back to the city.

Here in his palace, he caused the treasure to be lodged in a strong room, and guarded for him; and he had a golden tube constructed for the grateful snake to dwell in; a crystal casket to house the rat, and a cage of pure gold for the parrot. Every day, too, by the king's command food was served to the three creatures in vessels of gold—sweet parched corn for the parrot and snake, and scented rice for the rat. And the king did many good and charitable works in the land, and he and the rat, the snake and the parrot lived in goodwill and harmony one with another, to their lives' end.

THE GRATEFUL MOUSE

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodishatta was born as a stone-cutter, and growing up became an expert in working stones. Now in the Kāsi country there dwelt a very rich merchant whose wife had so strong a love of money, that when she grew old, instead of dying like other people, she was turned into a mouse, and lived in the deep treasure chamber where her husband stored his gold.

After that the whole family, one by one, died, including the merchant himself, and the village they had lived in gradually became deserted, as the villagers died, or moved away to other places.

At the time of our story, the stone-cutter was quarrying and shaping stones on the edge of this deserted village, and the mouse used to see him often as she ran about for food. At last, because he was always gentle and kind, she grew

very fond of him, and thought to herself how much better it would be if she could share her husband's treasure with him, rather than die, leaving the secret of all that store of gold pieces unknown behind her.

So one day she came to the stone-cutter with a coin in her mouth. Seeing this, he spoke to her kindly, asking her, "Mother, what has brought you here with this coin?"

"Part of it is for you, my son," the mouse told him; "and with part you will buy meat for me."

The stone-cutter took the coin, and spent a half-penny of it on meat. This he brought to the mouse, who departed and ate to her heart's content. From then on, the mouse gave the stone-cutter a coin every day, and he in return supplied her with meat, until one morning the mouse was caught by a cat.

"Don't kill me," the mouse pleaded.

"Why not?" asked the cat. "I'm as hungry as can be, and really must kill you for my dinner."

"First tell me," said the clever little mouse, who had thought of a possible plan of escape,

"whether you are always hungry, or only hungry today."

"Oh, every day finds me hungry again."

"Well, then, if this be so, I will promise to provide you with meat every day; only let me go."

"Mind you do, then," said the cat, and set the mouse free rather reluctantly.

As a consequence of this, the mouse had to divide the supplies of meat she got from the stone-cutter into two portions, and give one-half to the cat, keeping the other for herself.

Now, as luck would have it, the same mouse was caught another day by a second cat, and had to buy her release on the same terms. That meant that the daily ration of meat must now be divided into three parts. And when a third cat caught the unfortunate mouse, and a like arrangement had to be made, the supply was divided into four, painfully slim portions, which were really not enough to content any of the hungry animals.

Later, still a fourth cat caught the mouse, and demanded a daily meal as the price of letting her go, after which the portions became so infin-

itesimal that the mouse grew thinner and thinner, until at last she appeared to be nothing but bones and soft gray skin over them.

Remarking how emaciated his little friend was getting, the stone-cutter one day asked her the reason. Then the mouse told him all that had befallen her.

"Why didn't you tell me all this before?" the stone-cutter demanded. "Cheer up, I'll help you out of your troubles." Whereupon he took a block of the purest crystal, and scooping out a hole in it, just large enough to hold the mouse, bade her get inside. "Now stop in there," he told her, "and don't fail to revile and threaten fiercely all who come near you."

So the mouse crept into the crystal cell and waited. Up came one of the cats and demanded his meat.

"Away, vile grimalkin," cried the little mouse angrily. "Why should I supply you? Go home and eat your own kittens!"

Enraged by these daring words, and not seeing the wall of crystal surrounding the mouse, the cat sprang on his intended victim, meaning this time to make an end of her altogether. And

so furious was his spring that the cat broke the walls of his chest against the hard crystal, his green, angry eyes started out of his head, and he fell down quite dead, his furry carcass rolling out of sight.

A like fate in turn befell all four cats, while the mouse watched her enemies' destruction from inside her snug and safe little crystal cave. And in gratitude ever after, she brought two or three coins each day to the kindly stone-cutter, instead of only one. Thus by degrees she gave him the whole of her precious hoard, and the friendship between them grew and flourished, remaining unbroken until their lives' end.

THE VALIANT DWARF

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a brahmin in a market town in the North country. He had studied under a teacher of world-wide fame, and besides completing his education in all the necessary branches of knowledge, he had become a great archer, so that he was known throughout that part of the North country as the Wise Little Bowman.

After a time the Wise Little Bowman said to himself that he had learned all that could be taught him at home about shooting with the bow and arrow, and that the best thing he could do now was to set out in search of practical experience. If he could find some king to take him into his employ, he would certainly be sent out on many varied expeditions against wild beasts and the king's enemies, and he would thus be enabled to show his great skill, and earn a living for himself with his bow and arrow.

So he left Takkasilā in the North, and came into the Andhra country. But though the Wise Little Bowman knew his own skill, he was also aware of a great handicap that was his. For he was a dwarf, and he said to himself, "No king, beholding me, will believe that I can make a hunter and warrior. He is sure to ask me at once what a dwarf like me is good for. Therefore, why should I not hire some tall, strapping fellow to pose as the archer who seeks the king's service, while I myself, keeping modestly in the background as his page, will in reality do all the dangerous work."

This seemed to him a sensible idea, and he straightway began to look about him for such a man as he required. In the course of his search, he betook himself to the weavers' quarter, and there spied a huge weaver, named Bhīmasena—which means "one who leads a terrible army." Both the man and his name seemed to the Wise Little Bowman to fit the object of his quest, so he went up to the weaver, and saluted him politely.

"What makes a fine big man like you work at so sorry a trade?" he asked the other.

"Because," said the weaver, rather surprised at the question, "I can't get a living any other way."

"Oh, yes, you can," the Wise Little Bowman contradicted him. "Weave no more, my friend. The whole country can show no such archer as I am, yet kings will certainly laugh me to scorn if I ask to enter their employ, because I am a dwarf. So you, my friend, must be the man to vaunt your prowess with the bow, and as you are a fine, big fellow, the king will undoubtedly take you into his service, and make you ply your calling regularly. Meanwhile, I shall be behind you to perform the duties he lays upon you, and so I shall earn my living in your shadow. In this manner, we shall both of us thrive and prosper. Only you must always do strictly as I command you."

"Done with you," cried the weaver, overjoyed at the prospect of this new profession where another man was to do all the hard work.

That same day he set out with the Wise Little Bowman for Benares to see the king, the weaver walking in front, and the Wise Little Bowman, acting as the little page of the bow, keeping

humbly in the rear. Thus they came to the palace gate, and were admitted to the king's presence.

When they stood before him, bowing low, the king looked at the big weaver with approval, asking what had brought him thither.

"I am a mighty archer, sire," returned Bhīmasena; "there is no archer like me in the whole country."

"What pay would you want to enter my service?" the king asked, anxious to secure such a famous personage immediately.

Prompted by the Wise Little Bowman, Bhīmasena demanded a thousand pieces a fortnight.

Noticing the Wise Little Bowman for the first time, the king asked Bhīmasena who he might be.

"He's my little page, sire."

"Very well, enter my service," commanded the king, pleased by having a bowman who was not only a fine, tall man, but who was important enough as well to have brought his own little page to court with him. So Bhīmasena entered the service of the King of Benares, but in re-

ality, it was the Wise Little Bowman who did all his work for him.

Now in those days there was a tiger in a forest in Kāsi which blocked a much-frequented highroad, and had devoured many victims, terrifying the whole countryside round about. When this was reported to the king, he sent at once for Bhīmasena and asked whether he could catch the tiger.

Bhīmasena, confident that the Wise Little Bowman would be able to destroy the tiger, put on great airs of importance. "How could I call myself an archer, sire," he demanded, "if I were not able to do so simple a thing as capturing a tiger?"

That was the kind of answer the king liked, so he gave Bhīmasena several handfuls of gold pieces, and bade him set out on his errand that same day. Whereupon Bhīmasena hurriedly sought out the Wise Little Bowman, his master, and told him all that the king expected.

"Very good," declared the Wise Little Bowman, smiling. "Away you go, my friend!"

Anxiously Bhīmasena demanded, "But are not you coming too?"

The Wise Little Bowman shook his head. "Not so," he answered. "But have no fear. I will tell you all my plan."

"Pray do, Master," and Bhīmasena listened attentively to all the other then proceeded to tell him.

"This is what you must do," the Wise Little Bowman explained to his big servant. "Don't try to be rash and approach the tiger's lair alone. No, no! That must not be thought of. There is a better way. Listen well, then. What you are to do is to muster a strong band of country-folk to march to the spot with a thousand or two thousand bows. When you know that the tiger is roused, you run hurriedly into the nearest thicket, and lie down flat on your face. The country-folk will beat the tiger to death, and as soon as he is quite dead, you must bite off a creeper with your teeth, and coming out of the thicket, approach the dead tiger, trailing the creeper from one hand.

"At the sight of the dead body of the animal, you will burst out in an angry voice with, 'Who has killed this tiger? I meant to lead it, like a tame ox, to the king, and with this intent I had

just stepped into the thicket to cut a creeper. I must know who has dared to kill my tiger before I could return with the creeper?' Then the country-folk will be very much frightened, and will bribe you heavily not to report them to the king. You will be credited with slaying the tiger, and the king, as well as the country-folk, will give you much gold."

"That is indeed a good plan," said Bhīmasena, approvingly, and off he went and slew the tiger, just as the Wise Little Bowman had directed him.

Having now made the road safe for travellers, Bhīmasena came back to Benares with a large following, and presented himself before the king.

Bowing low, he announced, "I have killed the tiger, sire, as you commanded me. The forest is safe for travellers now."

The king, surer than ever that he had made no mistake in his choice of a bowman, rewarded Bhīmasena generously. A few weeks later, news was brought to the city that travellers on another road, farther away from the city, were being attacked by a dangerous buffalo, which allowed no one to pass. Once more the king sent

for Bhīmasena, and ordered him to open that road, as he had the forest highway.

Following the Wise Little Bowman's direction, Bhīmasena set out for the spot, and repeating the same tactics he had used to kill the tiger, was soon able to return to Benares, and report that he had slain the buffalo also.

More pleased than ever with his archer, the king loaded Bhīmasena with gifts, so that the foolish fellow became puffed up with pride and vanity, and refused to recognize the fact that he owed all his success to the counsels of the Wise Little Bowman. He felt that he was a great lord now, and needed no one to advise or guide him in anything, saying to the Wise Little Bowman, "I can get on without you. Do you think there's no one but yourself?"

To this his master made no answer, knowing that if he waited long enough, Bhīmasena would certainly be shown in his true colors. As matters turned out, he had not long to wait.

A short time afterward, a hostile king marched upon Benares and beleaguered it, sending a message to the king summoning him either to surrender his kingdom or do battle. Upon which

the King of Benares ordered Bhīmasena out to fight him.

Accordingly Bhīmasena was armed cap-a-pie in soldierly fashion, and seated on a war elephant sheathed in complete armor. And the Wise Little Bowman, who was seriously alarmed lest Bhīmasena should get himself killed, unselfishly forgot the latter's insults, and arming himself cap-a-pie also, seated himself modestly behind Bhīmasena on the elephant's back.

Surrounded by a mighty host, the elephant passed out of the city gates and arrived in the forefront of the battle. But, for all his bold words, at the very first notes of the martial drum, the cowardly Bhīmasena fell a-quaking with fear.

"If you fall off now, my friend," the Wise Little Bowman warned, seeing the huge fellow thus shivering and shaking before him, "you will certainly be killed." And he fastened a cord about Bhīmasena's waist, to prevent his slipping off the elephant's back.

But the sight of the battlefield was too much for Bhīmasena. The fear of death was so strong on him that he lost consciousness, fainting like a

weak woman, and falling forward with his head on the elephant's back. He was only prevented from a fatal fall to the ground, by the cord the Wise Little Bowman was holding.

"Ah," said the Wise Little Bowman, smiling to himself, "the present does not tally with the past it seems. Then you strutted about the court, aping the mighty warrior; now you confine your valorous deeds to fainting at the sight of the fight." And he went on to taunt the coward, in the following rhyme:

"You vaunted your prowess, and loud was your boast;
You swore you would vanquish the foe!
But is it consistent, when faced with their host,
Your terror so plainly to show?"

When the Wise Little Bowman had said his say, his natural kindliness of heart got the better of his scorn, and he added, reassuringly. "But don't be afraid, my friend. Am I not here to protect you?"

Then he made Bhīmasena get down off the elephant and bade him go home. "And now," added the Wise Little Bowman to himself, "to win renown this day! Here is my opportunity

to prove myself at last." Raising his battle-cry, he dashed into the thick of the fight on his great war-elephant, and broke his way straight through into the king's camp.

The king's guard, seeing the elephant and its pigmy rider break through their best troops, fell into a great fear, believing them both to be something more than mortal, and leaving the king alone, they fled for their lives. The Wise Little Bowman thereupon dragged the king out of his tent, and binding him with cords, bore him back in triumph on his elephant to Benares.

In great joy at this remarkable feat, his royal master loaded the Wise Little Bowman with honors, and from that day forward all of India was loud with the fame of the tiny archer who had so miraculously vanquished the king's enemies. As for the cowardly Bhīmasena, the Wise Little Bowman gave him money, and sent him back to his own home; while he himself continued to flourish at the king's court, dealing justly and generously with all men, and earning good words and much honor until the day of his death.

THE STOLEN PLOUGHSHARES

ONCE upon a time, while Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta came into the world as the son of one of the king's courtiers. When he grew to manhood, he was made a Lord Justice, and became famed through the whole countryside for his just judgments.

At that time two traders, one living in a nearby village, and the other in Benares itself, had long been close friends. One day the villager deposited with the townsman five hundred ploughshares. These the latter sold, but kept the price himself, and in the place where they had been stored he scattered mouse dung. By and by the villager returned to the city, and naturally came to his friend to inquire about his ploughshares.

"Alas," declared the cheat, putting on an air of sympathy, "the mice about here are very nu-

merous and destructive. They have eaten your ploughshares up," and he pointed out to the other the marks of mice about the floor.

Now in that country it was considered highly unlucky to possess or use anything that either rats or mice had touched, so the town trader hoped that his friend would ask him no further questions about the matter.

The villager looked very thoughtful for a moment, but then he only shook his head in apparent resignation to his ill fortune. "Well, well, so be it," he said sadly. "What can be done with things which the mice have eaten?"

Later that same day, however, he invited the young son of his supposed friend to go down to the river with him at the hour of bathing, and enjoy a cooling dip in the water. When the boy accepted, the villager conducted him, not to the river as he had suggested, but to the house of a friend, where he locked him securely in an inner chamber, and gave the owner of the house strict injunction to see that the lad did not by any means make his escape. Then he himself went down to the river and bathed, returning afterward to the home of the boy's father.

"Where is my son?" inquired the cheat. "I thought he had gone with you to bathe today."

"Dear friend," replied the villager in a sorrowful tone, "he did, alas! accompany me, but I left him for a moment by the river bank, and as I was going down into the water, a hawk came suddenly and carried off your son into the air. I beat the water, shouted, struggled—all to no avail. I could not make him let the lad go, so I hurried here to break the dreadful news to you."

"But that is impossible—you are telling me monstrous lies!" cried the terrified father. "No hawk could carry off a boy!"

"Let be, dear friend," said the other soothingly; "if things happen that should not, how can I help it? Your son has been carried off by a hawk, as I say."

Then the father fell into a fury, and reviled his former friend bitterly, crying: "Ah, you scoundrel! You murderer! I will go to the judge, and have you hailed before him. Then we will see who will believe this tale of hawks that carry off boys."

"There is no need to drag me there," declared

the villager. "Let us go before him together," and he accompanied the angry father to the court of the Lord Justice, where the city trader told his story thus:

"My lord, this miserable fellow took my son with him to bathe, and when he returned without him and I asked where the boy was, he dared to tell me that a hawk—a *hawk,* my lord—had carried off my son. Say you, if this be possible or no. Judge my cause!"

"Tell the truth," said the judge, looking in astonishment at the villager. "Since when have hawks carried off boys? I must have the truth in this matter."

"Indeed, my lord," returned the villager boldly, "I took him with me, as his father has just related. And a hawk carried him off."

"But where in the world are there hawks that carry off boys?" the Lord Justice demanded.

The villager hesitated a moment, and then looking earnestly at the judge, he said, "My lord, I have a question to put to you. If hawks cannot carry off boys into the air, then is it possible that mice can eat iron ploughshares?"

The Lord Justice became still more amazed.

"It certainly does not seem possible," he admitted. "But what do you mean by that?"

"My lord, I deposited in the house of this man who was, I thought, my friend, five hundred ploughshares. When I came to him later to inquire about them, he told me that mice had devoured them. Now, my lord, if mice eat ploughshares, then it seems to me that hawks can also carry off boys. This man asserts the mice have eaten my ploughshares, and shows me the empty place where my goods were stored. Give sentence whether they were eaten or no—judge my cause!"

"He must have meant," thought the judge shrewdly, "to fight the trickster with his own weapons. Well thought of!" And to the villager he spoke in the following verses:

"Well planned indeed! the biter bit,
The trickster tricked—a pretty hit!
If mice can eat a ploughshare, why,
Then hawks away with boys can fly!

"A rogue out-rogued with tit for tat!
Give back the plough, and after that
Perhaps the man who lost the plough
May give your son back to you now!"

This the guilty trader was only too willing to do, seeing his trick had been discovered, and being overjoyed besides, to learn that his son was safe. So the villager duly received the price of the stolen ploughshares, and at once delivered the lad over to his father, sound and well. But the ancient friendship that had existed between the two traders was broken by the deceit, and was never mended again, since neither could from that time, trust the word or heart of the other.

The Lord Justice continued to give wise judgments in his court and the fame of his wisdom and understanding spread far beyond Benares, so that evil-doers and liars trembled at appearing before him—but the king and all honest people did him honor to the day of his death.

THE FOOLHARDY JACKAL

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a maned lion, and dwelt at a place called Gold Den, in the Himalayas. He was a mighty hunter, slaying even elephants when he chose, so great was his strength and cunning.

One day, bounding forth from his den in quest of prey, he stopped to look about him, North, West, South and East, roaring as he did so. Spying the tracks of a buffalo, he followed, and as usual, succeeded in slaying the big beast. Having eaten his fill of the best parts of the carcass, he went down to a nearby pool and drank of the cool, crystal-clear water, before returning to his den.

On the way home, a hungry jackal came out of a thicket directly in his path, so suddenly that both animals stopped short in the surprise of the encounter. The jackal, seeing himself unable to escape if the lion should decide to kill him, felt that his only chance lay in meekness. There-

fore, throwing himself humbly at the lion's feet, he cried pleadingly, "Lord, let me be your servant!"

The lion replied good-naturedly, "Very well. Serve me, and you shall feed on prime meat."

He then continued on to Gold Den, the jackal following at a respectful distance behind.

From that day on, the lion's leavings fell to the jackal's share, and the little animal grew fat and sleek and well-fed. Lying in his den, the lion used to order his follower to scan the valleys from the mountain top, to see whether there were any elephants, horses or buffalo about, or any other animals of which he, the jackal, happened to be fond. If any were in sight the jackal was to return and say, with due obeisance, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord!" Then the lion promised to kill and eat, always giving a part to the jackal.

Accordingly the jackal would climb the heights whenever he was hungry, and scan the countryside about until he spied some beast to his taste, when he would report it to his protector, falling at the lion's feet and saying humbly, "Shine forth in thy might, Lord!"

Hearing him, the lion would nimbly bound forth and slay the beast, even if it were a mighty elephant, never forgetting to share the finest parts of the carcass with the jackal. Glutted with his meal, the jackal would then retire to his den, and sleep.

Now as time went on, the jackal grew not only big and fat in body, but his pride and ambition waxed equally great, until he came to think himself a creature as much to be feared as his master.

"Have I not four legs, too?" he asked himself. "Why should I be a slave, day by day, dependent on others' charity? Henceforth I will kill elephants and other beasts, for my own eating. The lion, king of beasts though he be, is only able to kill them because of the formula which he makes me say to him, 'Shine forth in thy might, Lord!' I'll make the lion call out to me, 'Shine forth in thy might, Jackal!' Then I'll kill an elephant for myself."

Accordingly he went to the lion, and pointing out that he had long lived on what the other had provided, told of his desire to eat an elephant of his own killing. He concluded with an urgent

request that he be allowed to lie in the lion's corner of the den, while the latter went out to climb the mountain and look for an elephant. The quarry found, he asked the lion to return to the den and say to him, "Shine forth in thy might, Jackal!" He begged his former master not to grudge him this small favor.

Naturally enough the lion was astonished at such a request. "Jackal," said he, "only lions can kill elephants, nor has the world ever seen a jackal able to cope with them. Give up this fancy, and continue to feed on what I kill."

But say what he would, the jackal only pleaded the harder, until at last the king of beasts gave way. Bidding the jackal lie in the lion's own corner of the den, he himself went out and climbed the mountain peak, from whence he presently spied a mighty elephant, feeding on the slope below him.

Returning to Gold Den, the lion said to the foolish jackal, "Shine forth in thy might, Jackal!" Excited by the words and his own puffed-up pride, the jackal bounded lightly forth from the den, looked all about him as the lion used to do when hunting, and lifted his thin

voice, thrice, in a howl of defiance. Having copied his protector thus far, he gathered himself together and sprang at the elephant meaning to fasten on the huge beast's head.

But the leap was too high, and missing his aim, he alighted directly in front of the elephant's right forefoot. Before he could recover himself and spring back, the beast raised his foot and crushed the jackal's head, trampling the bones into powder. After which, much as one would brush an annoying gnat aside, the elephant pounded the small carcass into a mass, and turned away calmly into the forest.

Seeing the end to which the jackal's pride and obstinacy had brought him, the lion repeated regretfully, "Now shine forth in thy might, Jackal!" And he added, in verse,

"Your mangled corpse, your brains trod into clay,
Prove how you've shone forth in your might today.

Thus spake the lion, feeling grieved at the tragic end of his too-greedy follower, and saking his splendid mane sorrowfully, returne to Gold Den alone.

THE INCOMPARABLE ARCHER

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was reborn on this earth as the son of his queen, and was named Prince Peerless. Two years later, just as the little Peerless was beginning to run about, his younger brother, Prince Heaven-Sent, was born.

The two young princes were very devoted to each other, doing all things together, until Prince Peerless was sixteen when his father, the king, sent him to Takkasilā for his education. Here, under the instruction of a world-famed teacher the youth learned all that a prince ought to know, until his knowledge and accomplishments were talked of from one end of his father's kingdom to the other. But particularly was he celebrated for his wonderful archery, so that it was said there was no archer in that part of the land who could do the wonderful feats with bow and arrow done by Prince Peerless.

About this time, the king of Benares died, and on his death-bed, commanded that his elder son, Peerless, should reign in his stead, and that Heaven-Sent, the younger prince, should be viceroy. Accordingly the crown was offered to Prince Peerless, but to everyone's astonishment, the young man refused the honor, declaring he had already everything he wished or needed, and that royal honors and glory meant nothing to him.

Seeing him determined in the stand he had taken, the courtiers turned then to the younger prince, Heaven-Sent, and consecrated him as their king, by sprinkling him, Peerless being present at the coronation and approving their choice.

For a time the brothers continued to live together in their former love and understanding, Prince Heaven-Sent ruling the kingdom, and Peerless dwelling in the same palace and being accorded royal honors almost equal with those belonging to the king.

But there were ambitious courtiers also in the palace, who were envious of Prince Peerless's wise influence over the king. They persuaded

some of the latter's trusted slaves to carry malicious slanders to him, saying that Peerless regretted having given up the throne, and was even now conspiring to regain it, and depose his brother.

"Prince Peerless is determined to be king," they kept repeating, until finally their assertions came to be believed by the king, who allowed himself to forget his former affection for Peerless and his faith in him. He became more and more suspicious, doubted all his brother's words and actions, and set spies about him, who—being in the employ of Prince Peerless's enemies—of course gave malicious and false reports about him.

At last the king was prevailed upon to send his guard to arrest Peerless. But the order was, fortunately for the prince, overheard by one of his own faithful servants, who hurried to him at once, and told him all that the king was planning to do.

At this Prince Peerless, being very angry with his brother for believing these slanderers, left the palace secretly, and went away into a far land. Here he sent word to the king of that country

that an archer was come, and wished to enter his service.

The king was always interested in getting good marksmen, and inquired what wages the newcomer asked.

"A hundred thousand a year," was the daring answer Prince Peerless returned.

This tremendous sum impressed the king, since he felt sure no ordinary archer would have the presumption to demand it. He therefore sent for Peerless, and being pleased with his appearance, engaged him at the wages he had demanded.

However, as was not unnatural, the old archers who had seen long service under the king, grumbled that the sum given this stranger was too much, and they were always on the look-out to bring him into disfavor with their master, if it could be contrived.

Now one day it so happened that the king went out into his park to enjoy the fine air. After he had walked about a while, he returned to the foot of a certain mango tree, where, upon a stone seat of ceremony that stood there, a magnificent couch had been prepared for him to rest on when he should feel weary. Lying on this

couch, the king glanced up into the tree that shaded him, and saw, way up near the top, a cluster of ripe mango fruit which he instantly desired to have.

"It is too high to climb for," thought he. So, summoning his archers, he asked whether they could cut off the cluster with an arrow, and bring the fruit down to him.

"Oh, that is not much for us to do," they said. "But your majesty has seen our skill often enough. This newcomer is so much better paid than we, that perhaps you might make him bring the mangoes down."

The king accordingly sent for Peerless, and asked him if he could do it.

"Oh, yes, your majesty," Peerless declared confidently, "if I may choose my own position."

"What position do you want?"

"The place where your couch stands."

So the king arose, had the couch removed, and stood aside to give place to Peerless.

But Peerless had no bow in his hand, as he always carried it hidden underneath his body-cloth. He therefore asked that a screen might be brought. The king ordered one spread for

him to form a sort of tentlike chamber. Peerless entered this, and taking off the white cloth he wore as an undergarment, put on a red one. About this he fastened his girdle, and donned a bright red waistcloth. From a bag he took a great sword, in pieces, which he put together and girt on his left side. Next he put on a mail-coat of gold, fastened his bow case over his back, and took out his mighty ram's horn bow, also made in several pieces. These pieces he quickly fitted together, and fixed the bow string, red as coral. Last of all he wound a handsome turban about his head, and, twirling the arrow with his nails, threw open the screen and came out, looking like a young Naga prince miraculously emerged from the ground itself.

He went up to the place where the king's couch had stood, and set the arrow to his great bow.

"Your majesty," he asked, "am I to bring this fruit down with an upward shot, or by dropping the arrow upon it?"

"My son," said the king in surprise, "I have often seen a mark brought down by the upward shot, but never have I seen one taken in the

downward fall of the arrow. That would be a most marvelous feat, and one that would please me right well to behold. You had better make the shaft fall on the fruit."

"Your majesty," replied the young prince, "this arrow will fly high. Up to the heaven of the Four Great Kings it will fly, and then turn of itself. You must please be patient until it returns."

The king, full of curiosity, promised, and the archer went on to explain his plan further.

"Your majesty, this arrow in its upshot will pierce the mango stalk exactly in the middle; and when it comes down it will not swerve a hairsbreadth either way, but will hit the same spot to a nicety, and bring down the cluster with it."

Then he sped the arrow forth swiftly. As the arrow went up it pierced the exact center of the stalk, and traveling at great speed disappeared upward into the blue of the sky. By the time the archer knew his arrow had reached the place of the Four Great Kings, he let fly another arrow, more swiftly even than the first. This struck the feather of the first arrow and turned it back, then itself went up as far as the heaven of the Thirty-

three Gods. There the gods caught and kept it.

The sound of the falling arrow as it cleft the air was as the sound of a thunderbolt.

"What is that noise?" every man there cried out in affright.

"That is the arrow falling," our archer replied, and seeing that they were all terrified, he added comfortingly, "Fear nothing; I will see that it does not fall on the earth."

As he finished speaking, down came the arrow, not a hair-breadth out either way, and cut neatly through the stalk of the mango cluster. Quickly Peerless caught the arrow in one hand and the fruit in the other, so that they should not fall on the ground.

"We never saw such a thing before," the onlookers cried in amazement, at this marvel. How they praised the great archer then, cheering and clapping, and snapping their fingers, while thousands of kerchiefs waved in the air. In their joy and delight the courtiers gave presents to Peerless amounting to ten millions of money, and the king himself showered gifts and honors upon him like rain.

While Peerless was receiving such glory

Then he sped the arrow forth swiftly

abroad, seven kings who knew that he was not in Benares, declared war upon his brother, Heaven-Sent, and drawing near, beleaguered the city. Heaven-Sent was frightened out of his senses. He could do nothing but cry, "Where is my dear brother, Peerless? Somebody find my brother for me!"

"Prince Peerless is in the service of a neighboring king," one of the courtiers replied.

"Alas, if my brother does not come to me now," the king exclaimed distractedly, "I am a dead man. Go, fall at his feet in my name, appease him and bring him hither!"

His messengers hastened away in search of Peerless, and repeated to him his brother's words. At this Peerless's anger was softened, and he at once took leave of his present master, and returned with the messengers to Benares.

Reaching there, he comforted his brother and bade him fear nothing. Then taking an arrow, he scratched upon it the following message: "I, Prince Peerless, am returned. I mean to kill you all with one arrow which I will shoot at you. Let those who care for their lives make their escape."

This he shot so that it fell into the camp of the

enemy kings, into the very tent where all seven were gathered together, and landed in the middle of a golden dish that was set on the table around which they were seated. So great was the fame of Prince Peerless's prowess, that upon reading his message his enemies all fled, half dead with fright, and returned to their own kingdoms.

Thus did our Prince put to flight seven kings, without shedding even so much blood as a little fly might drink, and never from that time forward, did a cloud of distrust or disagreement arise in Benares between the two royal brothers.

THE WOODPECKER, THE TORTOISE AND THE ANTELOPE

ONCE upon a time, when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the Bodhisatta was an antelope living within a certain forest, near the borders of a lake. Not far from the same lake, a woodpecker had his nest at the top of a tall tree, and in the lake itself, there dwelt a tortoise. And these three became close friends, and lived together in amity.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the antelope's footprints in one of the forest paths going down to the water; and he set a trap of leather, as strong as an iron chain, to catch the animal, and went on his way home, meaning to return on the morrow.

In the first watch of the night, the antelope went down, as he was accustomed, to the lake to drink, and was caught in the noose, just as the hunter had planned. Finding himself thus held

fast, the antelope cried aloud the cry of capture, which was heard by both his faithful friends.

The woodpecker immediately flew down out of her tree-top, and the slow tortoise hurried up as fast as he was able from the water of the lake, and together they consulted what was best to be done.

At length the woodpecker said to the tortoise, "Friend, you have teeth and I have none—bite this snare through. Meanwhile I will go and see that the hunter keeps away. If we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life." Then, in order to make her meaning even clearer, and to impress it firmly on the mind of the slower tortoise, she repeated her advise in rhyme:

"Come, Tortoise, tear the leathern snare, and bite it through,
While of the hunter I take care, and keep him off from you."

So the tortoise set to work to gnaw through the thick leather, and the woodpecker flew quickly away to the hunter's dwelling.

With the first pink light of early morning, the door of the hut opened and the hunter came out,

his knife in his hand. As soon as the little woodpecker saw him starting for the woods where the tortoise was laboring to set their friend free, she uttered a cry, and darting down, flapped her wings, and struck the hunter in the face as hard as she could with her feeble strength.

The hunter was astonished and a good deal frightened, for he was exceedingly superstitious, and believed the bird striking him thus foretold some ill luck which would befall him. So he turned back into his hut, and lay down on his bed for a time, while he considered the meaning of what had happened and what he should do about it.

Finally he had what he thought to be a brilliant idea. He rose, and picking up his knife, prepared to set forth once more. But during the time he had been thinking inside the hut, the wise woodpecker had been thinking very hard also. And this was the way she had reasoned the matter out:

"The first time the hunter set out," she told herself, "he came out by the front door. So now, if he wishes to avoid me, he will leave by the back one."

This proved to be just what the hunter proposed doing, for he said to himself, "If I found a bad omen on going out at the front entrance, I will do well to try the other door."

But as he opened his back door, the woodpecker uttered a cry, and flew directly against his face, flapping her wings savagely. Finding himself again struck by this bird of ill omen, as he supposed, the hunter exclaimed in a frightened voice, "The creature will not let me go out at all!" And he hurried back into his hut, and waited, trembling, until sunrise.

With broad daylight his courage returned; he took up his knife for the third time, and started for the woods. The woodpecker knew that it was useless to try the same trick again, and made haste back to her two friends by the lake, to tell them the news.

"Beware," she cried in distress, "here comes the hunter, in spite of all I could do to hold him."

By this time the tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one, and his teeth felt as though they were ready to fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The antelope, looking

around, beheld the persistent hunter, knife in hand, coming on like lightning, and in his terror he burst the last remaining thong, and fled safely into the woods.

The woodpecker, rejoicing, flew up and perched upon her tree-top where she also was quite safe, but the poor tortoise was so weak and exhausted after his loyal efforts to gnaw through the tough thongs, that he could not move quickly enough to escape. The hunter had no difficulty at all in capturing him, and popped him headlong into his bag, which he tied to a tree.

The antelope when he found himself freed from the snare, had not run far into the forest, but had waited in a nearby thicket to observe what should happen. He therefore saw the capture of his savior, the tortoise, and at once determined that he would save the latter's life in return for what the tortoise had accomplished for him.

So he came limping out of the thicket, making sure that the hunter should see him and think him too weak or wounded to run far. The antelope seemed a much finer prize to the hunter than the tortoise, and, at any rate, he thought he already

had the tortoise safe in the bag and could return for him later. Accordingly he set out in pursuit of the antelope, who, by keeping just beyond his reach, and yet pretending to be always about to fall to the ground through sheer weakness, led him farther and farther into the woods.

When the antelope had taken him so far into the forest, and by such winding paths that it would be hard for the hunter to retrace his steps, the cunning animal slipped away from him, and returned, swift as the wind, to the tortoise by another way. It was the work of but a moment for the antelope to rip the bag open with his horns, and let his imprisoned friend out, after which the woodpecker came down out of her tree, singing a little song of joy and triumph, and the three happy companions rejoiced together.

But after a few moments the antelope addressed the other two thus: "My life has been saved by the loyal and devoted effort of both of you, and you have played a friend's part to me this day. But for doing this, the hunter will certainly revenge his loss on you if he can catch you. Therefore, do you, friend Woodpecker, migrate to another part of the woods with your brood,

and you, friend Tortoise, dive into the lake, and keep well away from the shore if you hear anyone coming. You must make haste, and do this directly, for the hunter will undoubtedly try to follow me here."

They saw the wisdom of their comrade's advice, and obeyed him at once, so when the panting and angry hunter finally did succeed in finding his way back to where he had left the captive tortoise, he found nothing waiting for him but a torn and empty bag.

"This has been an unlucky day for me surely," he reflected, and picking up the remains of his bag, he went home sorrowfully. But the three friends remained happily in the wood, and kept up their friendship unbroken, to their lives' end.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BEASTS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young lion. After his cub days were over and he had grown up to be strong and a mighty hunter, he made his home alone in a forest.

At the same time, a long way off a young hare was living in a grove of palms and vilva trees near the shores of the Western Ocean. One day the hare, after feeding, felt like sleeping and lay down beneath a palm sapling, which grew in the shade of a much taller vilva tree. As the hare settled down to sleep, he suddenly thought to himself, "If the earth should be destroyed, what would become of me?"

He did not remember having ever worried over this possibility before, but there the foolish worry was, all at once, firmly lodged in his head, troubling him very much.

"I should have to run very fast," he decided,

"to get away." But then, he remembered also, that if the earth ever broke up and was destroyed, why, there would be no safe place to which he could run; and he was very much worried by that thought indeed.

Now at the exact moment when the hare began to wonder what he could possibly do if the world should come to an end, one of the largest and heaviest fruits on the vilva tree above him dropped on a broad palm leaf just below, making a great thud, like the sound of a huge, muffled drum being struck.

It seemed to the startled hare that the solid ground under him vibrated with the noise, and his first terrified thought was, "The earth is collapsing, just as I feared."

Starting up, he fled in panic from the grove, not daring to look behind him as he ran. Another hare, who knew him, saw his friend scampering off in such evident fright, and called out anxiously to know what he was running away from.

"Pray, don't ask me," the first hare panted, and ran faster than ever. As was only natural, the second hare became more curious and a little alarmed as well.

"No—but pray tell me, friend," he insisted, running as fast as he could, at the other's heels—"I must know what danger threatens us."

The first hare slowed his pace enough to cry over his shoulder, but still without daring to look behind him, "The solid earth is breaking up beneath us, and we shall all surely be destroyed."

Then he began running faster again, and the second hare hearing these dreadful words, never thought of asking him how he knew such things were about to happen; but instead lengthened his own frightened bounds and sped after his friend.

As these two ran, more and still more hares came out and joined them, crying frantically to know what was the matter. When they hēard about the earth's breaking up, they, too, kept on running, and told all the other hares who saw them, what the matter was.

Finally there was a regular army of fleeing hares, a hundred thousand strong, racing nobody knew where, to get away from the end of the world.

They were presently seen by a deer, a boar, an

elk, a buffalo, a rhinoceros, a tiger, and an elephant. These, too, asked in curiosity what was wrong, and upon being told, joined the fleeing army, calling on all their friends and relatives to flee with them.

So by degrees the multitude of terrified animals grew and grew, until it extended to the length of a full league—and in the course of their flight they came to the forest where the lion lived alone.

Hearing the trampling and noise of this great flight of the animals resounding through his peaceful wood, and hearing them cry out that the earth was coming to an end, the lion thought to himself, "The earth is nowhere near coming to an end. Surely it must have been some sound which was misunderstood by them, and if I don't make a great effort, they will all certainly perish. I will save their foolish lives."

So with the speed of a lion he got before them to the foot of a mountain, and there took his stand, roaring, lion-like, three times. The fleeing beasts were still more terrified than before, and stopped short in their flight, standing all

huddled together and quaking. The lion then walked about amongst them, asking them why they were running away.

"The earth is collapsing," they answered in chorus.

"Who saw it collapsing?" he asked.

"The elephants know all about it," was the answer. So he asked the elephants.

"We don't know," said they. "It is the tigers who know." But the tigers, too, said, "We don't know, the rhinoceroses know." The rhinoceroses in their turn declared they knew nothing, that it was the wild oxen, who knew about the earth's collapsing. And the wild oxen said it was the buffalo; the buffalo pointed to the elks; the elks said the boars knew; the boars called on the deer to explain, and the deer were sure the hares knew all about it.

When the hares were questioned, they pointed to a particular hare, and said, "This one told us."

The lion therefore asked the hare if it were true that the earth was breaking up.

"Yes, indeed it is true," the hare said, still trembling from his great fright. "I saw it myself."

"Where," asked the lion, "were you living when you saw it?"

"Near the ocean, sir," said the hare, "in a grove of palms and vilva trees. For as I was lying beneath the shade of a palm at the foot of a vilva tree, methought, 'If this earth should break up, where shall I go?' And at that very moment I heard the sound of the breaking up of the earth, and I fled."

Then the lion thought, wisely, "A ripe vilva fruit must evidently have fallen on a palm leaf and made a heavy, thudding sound, at which this silly hare jumped to the conclusion that the earth was breaking up, and ran away. I will find out the exact truth about it."

So he reassured the herd of animals, and said gently, "I will take this hare and go and find out exactly whether the earth is coming to an end or not, in the place pointed out by him. Until I return, do you stay here!" Then placing the hare on his back, he sprang away with the speed of a lion, and coming to the palm and vilva grove, set the hare down and said, "Come, show us the place you meant."

"I dare not, my lord," said the hare, shivering as if he had taken a chill.

"Now, now, don't be afraid," encouraged the other. "Perhaps things are not as bad as you fear. At least point out to me the place where you were lying."

The hare, not venturing to go near the vilva tree, stood a long way off and pointed, crying, "Yonder, sir, is the place of dreadful sound." Then, as the animals like to do, to make their meaning more emphatic, he added in verse:

"From that spot where I did dwell
Issued forth a fearful sound;
What it was I could not tell,
Yet it seemed to shake the ground."

Hearing what the hare had to say, the lion went over to the foot of the vilva tree pointed out to him, and saw, right by the spot where the hare had been lying, the ripe vilva fruit that had fallen on the palm leaf, just as he had shrewdly imagined was the case. So, having made certain that the earth had not broken up, he placed the hare on his back again, and with the speed of a lion returned to the foot of the mountain, where

the herd of panic-stricken animals awaited him.

There he told them the whole story, showing them there was no occasion at all for fear, and bidding them not heed the rumors of cowards in the future. Having thus reassured them, he let them go about their various business, not looking for, or expecting thanks. Yet, if it had not been for his wisdom, all that great horde of animals would surely have perished by rushing headlong into the sea, which lay but a short distance beyond the mountain foot. It was all due to the lion's quick wits and level head, that they escaped; and due to a foolish young hare's imagination that thousands of the beasts of the forest had come so near to death that day.

THE QUAIL'S FRIENDS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young elephant, and growing up to be a fine, handsome beast, he became the leader of a herd that dwelt in the Himalayas. So large was this herd, that the young leader had under his command no less than eighty thousand elephants.

Now at that time, a mother quail had laid her eggs in the feeding ground of the elephants. When the eggs were ready to be hatched, the young birds broke the shells and came out, but before their wings had grown strong enough to fly, the leader of the herd and his eighty thousand elephants came that way, searching for food.

On seeing them, the mother quail was frightened, and thought to herself, "This royal elephant will trample on my young ones and kill

them. Lo! I will implore his righteous protection for the defense of my brood."

Then she raised her two wings, and standing before the elephant leader, repeated this stanza:

"Elephant of sixty years,
Forest lord among thy peers,
I am but a feeble bird—
Thou the leader of a herd;
With my wings I homage pay,
Spare my little ones, I pray!"

The great elephant replied kindly, "O Quail, be not troubled! I will protect thy offspring." Whereupon he took his stand over the nest of the young birds, and kept them safe, until his eighty thousand elephants had passed by. Before he followed them he once more addressed the mother bird: "Behind us comes a solitary rogue elephant. He will not do our bidding, nor recognize our promise of protection. When he comes, do thou therefore entreat him, too, and so insure the safety of thy offspring."

With this advice he departed, and the mother quail went forth to meet the rogue elephant who travelled by himself, and recognized no leader or law except his own desires. Finding him, she

made respectful salutation, and spoke a second stanza:

"Roaming over hill and dale
Following thy lonely way,
Thee, O forest king, I hail,
And with wings my homage pay.
I am but a wretched quail—
Spare my tender brood to slay!"

On hearing her words the elephant spoke a third stanza:

"I will slay thy young ones, Quail!
What can thy poor help avail?
My left foot can crush with ease
Many thousand birds like these."

So saying, he cruelly crushed the tender young birds to atoms, and went off, trumpeting loudly.

The poor mother quail sat on the bough of a tree, and cried after him, heart-brokenly, "Trumpet away! You shall soon see, however, what even a helpless bird can do. You little know what a difference there is between strength of body and strength of mind. Well, I will

teach you a lesson!" She ended her threats by repeating a fourth stanza:

> "Power abused is not all gain,
> Power is often folly's bane.
> Beast, that did my young ones kill,
> I will work thee mischief still."

It happened that a short while afterward, the mother quail was able to do a good turn to a crow. When the crow, who was highly pleased, asked, "What can I do for you in return?" the quail said, "I shall expect you to strike with your beak, and peck out the eyes of this wicked rogue elephant who has killed my children."

The crow readily agreed to do this, and soon after the compact between them was made, the quail was also able to do a kindness to a frog. The latter was as grateful as the crow had been, and begged to be allowed to repay the friendly deed with another.

The quail therefore told him of the crow's agreement to peck out the rogue elephant's eyes, and added, "When he becomes blind, and shall be searching for water to drink, then take your stand on the top of a mountain, and utter a croak

loud enough for him to hear you. He will climb to the mountain top, and then do you come down and croak again at the foot of a precipice. This much I shall look for at your hands."

The frog agreed at once to do as she had asked. So one day the crow, flying at the rogue elephant's eyes, pecked them both out with his sharp beak, and the elephant, maddened with pain and thirst, wandered about blindly, seeking for water to drink.

At this moment, the frog, standing on top of a nearby mountain, uttered a loud croak. Thought the elephant, "There must be water up there, for frogs always live in pools." And he climbed the mountain. But no sooner was he at the summit, than the frog descended, and standing at the bottom, croaked again.

The elephant thought, "There will surely be water there," and moved forward toward the precipice, following the sound. Not being able to see the edge, he missed his footing, and rolling over, fell to the bottom of the mountain, and was instantly killed.

Thus did the friends of the mother quail avenge her upon the murderer of her young. The

The wicked elephant passed away to fare according to his deserts, and all the helpless creatures of the forest were safe from his evil deeds for the rest of their days.

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THE HERO'S TASKS

ONCE upon a time there reigned at Benares a king named Yasapāni, the Glorious. His chief captain was named Kālaka. The Bodhisatta was his family priest, and had the name of Dhammaddhaja, or the Banner of the Faith.

King Yasapāni was a good king, but Kālaka took bribes for the judging of causes for the people. Kālaka was a backbiter also, and cheated the people who came to his court for just judgments. These things were known to the Bodhisatta, but not to the king.

Now on a certain day, a man who had just lost his suit through Kālaka's unfairness, departed from the court, weeping bitterly, and stretching out his arms. As he went his way, he met the Bodhisatta, who was coming to pay his service to the king. The man, seeing him, fell at his feet, telling him how he had been worsted in his cause. "Although," he said, "such as you, my lord, instruct the king in the things of

this world and the next, the commander-in-chief takes bribes to cheat poor men like myself. There is no justice to be had in the court any longer."

The Bodhisatta pittied him. "Come, my good fellow," he told him, "I will judge your cause for you." And he proceeded to the courthouse, where a great company was gathered together. The Bodhisatta here heard the case all over again, and perceiving that justice lay on the side of the man who had asked his aid, he gave an opposite judgment from Kālaka's verdict, and all the spectators applauded.

The sound of their applauding was so great, that the king himself heard it in his palace, and asked what the commotion meant.

"My lord king," said his attendants, "a cause that had been wrongly judged, has been judged aright by the good Bodhisatta; that is why you hear this shout of applause."

The king was pleased, and sent for the Bodhisatta. "They tell me," he began, "that you have judged a cause."

"Yes, great king, I have judged that which Kālaka did not judge aright."

"Be you judge from this day," said the king; "it will be a joy for my ears, and a prosperity for the world."

At first the Bodhisatta was unwilling, but the king begged him: "In mercy to all creatures, sit you in judgment!" After he had pleaded thus, the Bodhisatta consented.

Naturally Kālaka was very angry at what had happened. Now that he no longer judged causes, he received no more bribes, which did not please him at all. He therefore began to speak evil, falsely, to the king concerning the Bodhisatta, saying, "O mighty king, the wise Dhammaddhaja covets your kingdom."

The king however, refused to believe that this was so, and forbade Kālaka to repeat his accusations.

"If you do not believe me, sire," Kālaka returned, "look out of your window when Dhammaddhaja next comes to sit in judgment. You will see that he has got the whole city in his hands."

The next time, then, that the Bodhisatta came to give judgment, the king looked out of his

palace window, and beheld the great crowd of people that followed into the judgment hall, and stood about outside. "Kālaka is right," thought he. "There is his retinue." He became alarmed, and sought counsel of his chief captain, saying, "What shall we do?"

"My lord, he must be put to death."

"How can we put him to death," asked the king, "without having found him out in some great wickedness?"

"There is a way," said other.

"What way?"

"Tell him to do what is impossible, and if he cannot, put him to death for that."

"But what is impossible for him?"

The chief captain thought a moment. "My lord king," said he, "it takes two years, or twice two, for a garden with good soil to bear fruit, being planted and tended. Send for Dhammaddhaja and tell him, 'We want a garden to disport ourselves in tomorrow. Make us a garden.' This he will not be able to do; and we will slay him for that fault."

The king sent for the Bodhisatta, and addressed him thus: "Wise sir, we are tired of

our old garden; now we crave a new one. We shall wish to walk in it tomorrow. Make us therefore a new garden! If you cannot make it, you must die."

The Bodhisatta reasoned: "It must be that Kālaka has set the king against me, because he gets no more bribes." Then, aloud to the king, he added, "If I can, O mighty king, I will see to it." And he went home.

After a good meal he lay upon his bed thinking. And as he pondered, troubled, Sakka, the king of the gods, appeared to him asking, "Wise sir, what think you on so anxiously?"

"Who are you?" the Bodhisatta asked, surprised.

"I am Sakka."

"O Sakka, the king bids me make a garden—in a single night—that is what I am thinking upon."

"Wise sir, do not trouble: I will make you a garden like the groves of Nandana and Cittalatā! In what place shall I make it?"

"In such and such a place," the Bodhisatta directed. Sakka made the garden, and returned to the city of the gods.

The next day the Bodhisatta beheld the garden there, in very truth and sought the king's presence. "O king, the garden is ready."

The king came to the place, and beheld a garden, surrounded with a fence of eighteen cubits, vermilion tinted, having many gates. There were ponds in the garden, and it was very beautiful with all manner of trees laden with flowers and fruit.

"The sage has done my bidding," said the king to Kālaka. "Now what are we going to do?"

"O mighty king," replied the wily chief captain, "is he not dangerous, as I told you? If he can make a garden in one night, can he not also seize upon your kingdom?"

"Well, but what are we to do?"

"We will make him perform another impossible thing."

"What is that?" asked the king.

"We will bid him make a lake possessed of the seven precious jewels."

The king agreed, and sent for the Bodhisatta once more.

"Teacher," said he, "you have made a park. Make me now a lake to match it, with the seven

precious jewels. If you cannot make it, you shall not live."

"Very good, great king," answered the Bodhisatta, "I will make it if I can."

Then he appealed once more to Sakka, king of the gods, and Sakka made for him a lake of great splendor, having a hundred landing places, a thousand inlets, and covered over with lotus plants of five different colors, like the lake in Nandana.

The next day the Bodhisatta beheld this also, and told the king: "See, the lake is made!" And the king saw it, and asked of Kālaka what was to be done.

"Bid him, my lord, make a house to suit it," advised the chief captain.

"Make a house, Teacher," said the king to the Bodhisatta, "all of ivory, to suit with the park and the lake: if you do not make it you must die."

Then Sakka made the house, likewise, and the Bodhisatta beheld it the next day, and informed the king. When the king had seen it he asked Kālaka again what was to be done; and Kālaka told him to have the Bodhisatta make him a jewel fit to go with the wonderful house.

The king therefore said to the Bodhisatta, "Wise sir, make a jewel to suit with this ivory house; I will go about looking at it by the light of the jewel. If you cannot make one, you must die."

But Sakka made a marvelous jewel for the Bodhisatta, the like of which had never been seen before on earth, and the Bodhisatta gave it to the king.

This time the king did not ask Kālaka what he should do, for he was sure now that the Bodhisatta was both honest and loyal. He therefore made a sign to his attendants. And in an instant the court, priests, laymen, and all, rose up and cried out upon Kālaka—"Fie, bribe-swallowing thief and scoundrel! You couldn't get any more bribes from us, so you would try to murder a wise and innocent man by speaking ill of him!"

They seized the frightened Kālaka, tied him hand and foot, and bundled him out of the palace. Catching up whatever they could get hold of on the way,—stones and staves—they broke the lying captain's head, and did him to death. Then

dragging him by the heels, they cast him upon a dunghill. And from thenceforward, the king ruled in rightousness, and trusted the Bodhisatta for a loyal servant and true friend.

THE JACKAL'S SPELL

ONCE upon a time Brahmadatta was king of Benares, and the Bodhisatta was his family priest. Now among all the learning this priest (or brahmin) possessed, was a certain spell which would bring under his control every living thing to whom he might repeat it. The spell was called "Subduing the World."

One day the brahmin thought to himself that he had better repeat the spell, to be sure he had it properly by heart; and in order that none might overhear him, he retired to a place apart, and sat down on a flat stone. There he said it aloud, going through the necessary rites which should accompany the speaking of the words.

It so happened that a jackal, lying in a hole nearby heard the spell while the brahmin was reciting it, and as the brahmin recited it many times, it was not long before the cunning jackal had also learned it by heart.

The brahmin ended his recitation, and rose up, saying—"Surely I know that spell now." No sooner had he said this than the jackal sprang up out of his hole and cried, "Ho! Brahmin, I have learnt the spell better than you know it yourself!" and off he ran.

The brahmin set off in chase, and followed him a long way, crying, "Yon jackal will do a great mischief—catch him, catch him!" But in spite of his efforts and his cries the jackal got clear off into the forest.

The brahmin returned, much troubled in mind, to the king's palace, and the jackal wandered on into the forest until he found a she-jackal. Giving the other animal a little nip, the jackal asked her if she knew him.

"No, master," she returned, "I do not know you."

The jackal then repeated the spell he had just learned, and kept on repeating it as often as he beheld an animal pass by. Each time he repeated it, the animal had to follow him, and obey his commands. In this way, the jackal soon had under his orders several hundred of jackals, and had gathered round him also all the elephants

and horses, lions and tigers, swine and deer, as well as other four-footed creatures. He became their king, under the title of Sabbadātha, or Alltusk, and he made the she-jackal to whom he had first spoken the brahmin's spell, his queen.

On the back of two huge elephants stood a lion, and on the lion's back sat Sabbadātha, the jackal king, with his queen, the she-jackal, beside him; and great honor was paid to them by their army of animals.

It was not long before the jackal became so puffed up with pride at his new importance, that he resolved to capture the kingdom of Benares itself. So with all the four-footed creatures in the forest in his train, he approached the city. His host spread out behind him until it covered twelve leagues of ground, and from this position he sent a message to the king of Benares: "Give up your kingdom, or fight for it."

The citizens of Benares, smitten with a great terror at beholding the army of animals encamped about the walls, shut close their gates and stayed within.

Then the brahmin, from whom the jackal had stolen the spell, drew near to the king of Benares

and said to him, "Fear not, mighty king! Leave me the task of fighting with the jackal king, Sabbadātha. Excepting only me, no one is able to fight with him at all."

Thus he gave heart to the king and citizens. "I will first ask this jackal," he went on, "what he plans to do in order to take the city." So he mounted to the tower over one of the gates, and cried out, "Sabbadātha, what will you do to get possession of this realm?"

"I will cause the lions to roar, and with the roaring I will frighten the multitude," declared the jackal. "Thus will I take your city."

"Oh, that's it," thought the brahmin, and down he came from the tower. At once he made proclamation by beat of drum that all the dwellers in the great city of Benares, over all its twelve leagues, must stop up their ears with flour, so they could not hear each other speak; nay, they were to do the same to all their animals also, down to the cats.

Then the brahmin went up a second time into the tower, and cried out, "Sabbadātha!"

"What is it, Brahmin?" quoth the jackal king.

"How will you take this realm?" asked the brahmin again.

"I will cause the lions to roar, and I will frighten the people and destroy them; thus will I take it."

"You will not be able to make the lions roar," hinted the brahmin. "These noble lions with their tawny paws and shaggy manes will never do the bidding of an old jackal like you!"

But the jackal, stubborn in his pride, answered, "Not only will the other lions obey me, but I'll make this one, upon whose back I sit, roar alone."

"Very well," said the brahmin. "Do it if you can."

The jackal then tapped with his foot on the lion upon which he sat, commanding him to roar. And the lion, resting his mouth upon the elephant's temple, roared thrise, without any manner of doubt, at the jackal king's bidding.

But the elephants who supported the lion on their backs, were terrified, and moving apart, dropped the jackal king down at their feet between them, and trampling on his body, crushed

him to atoms. Then and there Sabbadātha perished in his pride, and the other elephants, hearing the roaring of the lion, and seeing the jackal king trampled by two of their number, became panic-stricken also, and ran about fighting.

The rest of the creatures caught the contagion of fear and began to struggle, and to trample each on the other in their effort to escape, until the whole army, elephants, deer, swine, down to the hares and cats perished miserably—all except the lions; and these ran away and took to the woods. There was a heap of carcasses, when the fighting ended, covering the ground for twelve leagues around.

Then the brahmin came down from his tower, and had the gates of the city thrown open. By beat of drum, he caused proclamation to be made throughout the city: "Let all the people take the flour from out their ears, and they that desire meat, meat let them take!"

So the people all ate what meat they could, fresh, and the rest they dried and preserved. It was at this time, according to tradition, that people first began to dry meat.

THE HARE'S SELF-SACRIFICE

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a young hare, and lived in a wood. On one side of this wood was the foot of a mountain, on another side a river, and on the third side a border village.

The hare had three friends,—a monkey, a jackal and an otter. These wise creatures lived together, but each of them went to his own hunting ground to get food, returning in the evening to his companions. The otter hunted in the river, the monkey gathered nuts in the jungle at the mountain's foot, and the jackal lived on food he found around the huts in the border village.

The hare, being very wise indeed, preached the Truth to his three friends, teaching them that alms should be given to the poor, the law observed, and holy days kept.

In the course of time the hare, studying the sky and observing the moon, knew that the next day would be a fast day. He therefore called his three companions together and said to them, "Tomorrow is a fast day. Let all three of you be careful to observe the holy day as you should. And be sure to feed any beggars who come to you, by giving them food from your own table."

The others agreed to do this, and retiring each to his own dwelling, slept through the night.

On the morrow, quite early in the morning, the otter sallied forth to seek his prey, and went down to the bank of the river Ganges. Now it happened that a fisherman had caught seven red fish in the river, earlier that morning, and had buried them in the sand on the river's bank. After doing this he had continued on down the stream, seeking more fish. The otter, scenting the buried fish, dug up the sand until he found them, and pulled them out of their hiding place.

Standing over them, he cried aloud, "Does anyone own these fish?" Repeating this cry three times, and hearing nothing, he took hold with his teeth of the withe on which the fish were

strung, and carried them back to his home in the jungle. Here he put them down, intending to eat them when the day of fasting should be over, and lay down near them, thinking to himself how very virtuous he was to remember the hare's advice that he eat no food at all until the morrow.

The jackal, too, sallied forth in quest of food, and betook himself as usual to the border village. Here he found in the hut of a field-watcher two spits of roasted meat, a lizard and a pot of milk-curds. After thrice crying aloud, "To whom do these belong?" and not finding an owner, he put about his neck the rope for lifting the pot, and grasping the spits and the lizard with his teeth, he brought them back to his own lair. Then he lay down to sleep, thinking how virtuous he had been not to eat them on this day of fasting, but to keep them for the morrow, according to the teaching of his friend the hare.

The monkey, for his part, went off to his jungle, and gathering a big bunch of ripe mangoes, put them aside until the next day, and he too, lay down, thinking how virtuous he was.

But while his three companions were hunting

so successfully for food, the hare prepared to go out and browse on kusa grass according to his custom. Reaching a patch of his favorite grass, he suddenly bethought him that if any beggars should apply to him that day for food, he could not offer them grass. "And I have no sesame or rice," he reflected sadly. "If any beggar shall appeal to me, I must give him my own flesh to eat."

At these words, up in the city of the gods, the white marble throne of Sakka grew hot. This was what always happened when some one on earth performed or planned some specially virtuous act. So Sakka looked down and discovered the hare, and how he purposed sacrificing his own flesh to feed some hungry beggar.

Disguising himself as a brahmin, Sakka descended to earth and stood before the otter's dwelling. On being asked what he wanted, he replied (still speaking as a poor brahmin), "Wise sir, if I could get something to eat after keeping this long fast, I would then be able to perform all my other holy dutes."

The otter replied: "Very well, I will give you some food," and added this stanza:

"Seven red fish I safely brought to land from Ganges flood,
O brahmin, eat thy fill, I pray, and stay within this wood."

The pretended brahmin said, "Let be until tomorrow. I will see to it by and by." Next he went to the jackal, and when asked by him why he stood there, he made the same answer. The jackal, too, readily promised the brahmin food, adding this second stanza:

"A lizard and a jar of curds, the keeper's evening meal,
Two spits of roasted flesh withal, I wrongfully did steal;
Such as I have, I give to thee; O brahmin, eat, I pray,
If thou shouldst deign within this wood a while with us to stay."

Said the brahmin, "Let be until tomorrow. I will see to it by and by." Then he went to the monkey, and when asked by him what he meant by standing there, he answered exactly as before. The monkey readily offered him food, and —like his other two companions—also added a stanza, enlarging on his invitation:

"An icy stream, a mango ripe, and pleasant greenwood shade,
'Tis thine to enjoy if thou canst dwell content in forest glade."

Said the brahmin again, "Let be until tomorrow. I will see to it by and by." And he went to the wise hare. On being asked by the hare why he stood there, he repeated for the fourth time: "Wise sir, if I could get something to eat, after keeping this long fast, I would then be able to perform all my other holy duties."

The hare on hearing that his beggar had really arrived, was highly delighted, and said, "Brahmin, you have done well in coming to me for food. This day I will grant you a boon I have never granted before. Go, friend, and when you have piled together logs of wood, and kindled a fire, come and let me know. I will then save you from breaking the moral law which forbids the taking of animal life; for I will sacrifice myself, by falling into the midst of the flames. When my body is roasted, you shall eat my flesh and be strengthened for your holy duties." Like his other three companions, he too added a stanza:

"Not sesame, nor beans, nor rice have I as food to give,
But roast with fire my flesh I yield, if thou with us
wouldst live."

Sakka, on hearing what the hare said, caused a fire of coals to appear, and going to the noble animal, told him all was prepared. Rising then from his bed of kusa grass, and coming to the fire, the hare shook himself thrice, in order that any small insects which might live in his coat, should escape death. Then, offering his body as a free gift, he sprang up into the air, and like a royal swan alighting on a cluster of lotus, he fell on the heap of live coals.

But the flames failed even to heat the pores of the hairs of the hare's body; rather was it as if he had suddenly entered a region of frost. So, astonished, he turned and addressed Sakka in these words: "Brahmin, the fire you have kindled is icy cold; it fails even to heat the pores of the hairs of my body. What is the meaning of this?"

"Wise sir," the pretended brahmin replied, "I am no brahmin, but Sakka, king of the gods; and I heard your boast that you would offer your

flesh to any beggar that was hungry. So, therefore, I have come to put your words to the test."

The hare said, "If not only thou, O Sakka, but all the inhabitants of the world as well, were to try me in this matter of alms-giving, they would not find in me any unwillingness to give." And saying this the hare uttered a cry of rejoicing, like a lion roaring.

Then said Sakka, king of gods, to the hare, "O wise hare, be thy virtue known throughout a whole æon of time!" And squeezing the nearby mountain, with the essence thus extracted, he daubed the sign of the hare on the orb of the moon, where it can still be seen to this day. After lifting the hare off the bed of coals, he then set him, safe and unharmed, on a bed of young kusa grass, and returned to his own place in the city of the gods.

And the four wise companions, the hare, the jackal, the otter and the monkey, dwelt happily and harmoniously together ever afterward, living up to the law, and observing holy days, until their lives' end.

A KING'S LIFE SAVED BY SPELLS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a far-famed teacher at Takkasilā, and trained many young princes and sons of brahmins in the arts.

Now the son of the king of Benares, when he was sixteen years old, came to him, and after he had learned the three Vedas and all the liberal arts, he took leave of his master. The teacher, looking at the youth, was able by his powers of prophecy to see that harm was coming to him in the future. He said to himself, "The danger that is coming to this young man will be through his own son. But by my magic power I will deliver him from it."

So composing four stanzas, he gave them to the young prince, saying, "My son, after you are seated on your father's throne, when your son is sixteen years old, utter this first stanza I give you, while eating your rice; repeat the second

stanza at the time of the great levee; the third as you are ascending to the palace roof, standing at the head of the stairs, and the fourth as you are about to enter your royal chamber, standing on the threshold."

The prince readily promised to remember faithfully, and saluting his teacher went away. After reaching his home, he was made viceroy, until the death of his father, the king, several years later, when he in his turn ascended the throne. In the meantime, he had married a princess, and had a son born to him. This son, coming to the age of sixteen years, watched one day his father going out into his pleasure grounds, and began to envy him his power and majesty. He thought on this until his envy grew into a desire to kill his father, and seize his kingdom. He spoke to his attendants about it, and they, instead of expressing horror, encouraged the prince in his evil purpose.

They said, "True, sire, what is the good of obtaining power and a kingdom when one is old and cannot enjoy them? You must find some means to kill the king, and possess yourself of his throne."

The prince thought a while, and then he said, "I will kill him by putting poison in his food." So he took some poison with him when he sat down to eat his evening meal with his father.

The king, just as the rice was served in the bowl, remembered his promise to his old teacher at Takkasilā, and repeated the first stanza the latter had taught him:

> "With sense so nice, the husks from rice
> Rats keen are to discriminate;
> They cared not much the husks to touch,
> But grain by grain the rice they ate."

The prince was greatly alarmed at these unexpected words. "I am discovered," he thought, and not daring to put the poison in the bowl of rice, he rose up and bowing to the king, went away.

He told his attendants what had happened, and said, "Today I am found out. How now shall I kill him?"

The attendants, being alarmed too, went out into the garden, and concealing themselves there, consulted together in whispers. Finally they came to the prince and said to him, "Sire, there

is still one way left. When it is time for you to attend the great levee, gird on your sword, and take your stand among the councillors. When you see the king off his guard, you must strike him a blow with your sword and kill him."

Thus they arranged it, and the prince agreed to follow their wicked advice. At the time, therefore, of the great levee, he girt on his sword and moving about from place to place among the courtiers, looked out for an opportunity to strike the king. At this moment the king uttered the second stanza taught him by his old teacher:

"The secret counsel taken in the wood
By me is understood:
The village plot soft whispered in the ear
That too I hear."

Thought the prince, "My father knows that I am his enemy," and ran away in terror to tell his attendants. After seven or eight days had passed, and nothing further had been heard from the king, the attendants took heart, and said to the prince: "Sire, if the king really knew what you think, he would not have been silent so long.

Your imagination made you fancy he knew your plans. Put him to death!"

So a day or two later, the prince once more put on his sword, and hid himself at the top of the stairs in the royal closet. The king, ascending the stairs, stood at the head, and spoke aloud the third stanza:

> "A monkey once did cruel measures take,
> His tender offspring penitent to make."

The prince thought, "My father intends to seize me," and once more he fled to his attendants and told them he had been threatened by his father.

This time they consulted together for a fortnight, during which time nothing happened, and they became convinced the king had meant nothing by speaking the stanza.

"Prince, your father is ignorant of your feelings toward him," they assured the youth. "Put him to death."

Therefore the same evening, the prince again took his sword, and mounting to the royal bedchamber on an upper floor, he lay down beneath

the couch, meaning to slay the king as soon as he came.

At the close of the evening meal the king, feeling weary, sent his courtiers away, and mounting to the royal chamber, stood on the threshold and uttered the fourth warning stanza taught him by his former teacher:

"Thy cautious, creeping ways
Like one-eyed goat in mustard field that strays,
And who thou art that lurkest here below,
This too I know."

Thought the prince, "This time my father has indeed found me out. Now he will of a surety put me to death." And seized with fear, he came out from beneath the couch, and throwing down his sword at the king's feet, fell down himself groveling, before him, crying, "Pardon me, my lord!"

The king said to him sternly, "You told yourself, 'no one knows what I am about,' yet you see, you are discovered!" and after rebuking him, he called the guards, ordering the prince to be bound in chains and cast into prison.

Here the young prince was forced to remain

And seized with fear, he came out from beneath the couch and, throwing his sword at the king's feet, fell down himself, groveling, before him.

during the rest of his father's life, but in that time he meditated on his fault, and repented, so that when his time came to ascend the throne, he reigned wisely and well over his people until the day of his own death.

THE MONKEY'S HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a monkey. When he came to his full growth, he was strong and vigorous, and lived in the Himalayas, with a following of eighty thousand monkeys.

Near the bank of the river Ganges there was a mango tree (some say it was a banyan), with many branches and forks, having a deep shade and thick leaves, like a mountain top. Its sweet fruits, of marvellous fragrance and flavor, were as large as water-pots. From one of these branches the fruit fell on the ground; from another into the Ganges water; and from two more into the main trunk of the tree itself.

One day the monkey leader, while eating the fruit with his troop, thought to himself, "Some day danger will surely come upon us owing to the fruit of this tree falling on the water."

So after pondering on the matter for a while, he ordered the monkeys to strip the branch that overhung the river, at the time the blossoms were in flower, and to leave not so much as a petal remaining on the limb.

The monkeys hastened to obey him, but notwithstanding their efforts, one ripe fruit escaped their eyes, for it was hidden behind an ant's nest. This, growing still riper, fell at last into the river, and drifted down stream with the current. It was caught many miles away in the net spread above the King of Benares, who was bathing in the Ganges, with one net spread over him and another below, that no harm might come to him.

When the king had grown tired of the amusement of bathing in the river, he came ashore, and the fishermen who drew in the nets spread over and under him, saw the ripe fruit caught in the meshes, and showed it to the king.

The king had never seen a fruit like it before, and demanded to be told what it was. But the fishermen did not know either, and had to confess they had never come across its kind up to that moment.

"Who will know?" the king asked, and they told him, "The foresters, sire."

The king therefore had the foresters called, and learning from them it was a mango, he cut it with a knife, and first making the foresters eat of it, he ate of it himself, and had some given to his wives and his ministers.

The flavor of the ripe fruit was so delicious that the king could think of nothing all day, but how to find another mango like that one. He wished no other food, and continually demanded of the foresters where the tree grew from which had fallen the mango.

Consulting among themselves, the foresters decided that it came from a tree on the bank of a river in the Himalayas, and they told this to the king. But the difficulty of finding the fruit only made the king desire it the more. So he commanded that many rafts be joined together, and on this giant raft he and his household and courtiers embarked, and they sailed upstream by the route the foresters had given him.

The exact number of days they sailed is not known, but in due course of time they came to

the place, and the foresters said to the king, "Sire, here is the tree."

The king stopped the rafts, and went ashore on foot, followed with a great retinue. At the foot of the tree he had a couch spread for him, and after eating a ripe mango and enjoying the various, wonderful flavors contained in a single fruit, he lay down to rest. While he slept, his attendants set guards round about him, and made a big fire to light the place.

When the king's men had fallen asleep, too, toward midnight, the leader of the monkeys came with his following, and moving from branch to branch in the tree overhead, ate the mangoes.

The king, waking at the noise they made, roused his men, and calling his archers, cried to them, "Surround these monkeys that are eating the mangoes. Shoot them, and let not one escape. Tomorrow we will eat mangoes with monkey's flesh."

The archers obeyed, and surrounded the tree, standing with their bows in readiness to shoot.

Up in the tree the monkeys saw the archers, and knowing they could not escape, came to their

leader, saying, "Sire, the archers stand round the tree waiting to kill us. What are we to do?"

But their leader cheered them, saying, "Do not fear; I will give you your lives." So comforting his monkeys, he ascended higher into the tree, and thence made his way along a branch that stretched out toward the Ganges. From the end of this branch he sprang into the air, and alighted in another tree a hundred bow lengths away, on the river bank.

Climbing down to the ground, he measured off the distance he had come. Cutting a bamboo shoot at the root, and stripping it, he measured the length he would require, saying, "So much will be fastened about the tree, and so much will bridge the distance in the air." But he entirely forgot the part that should be tied about his own waist.

Taking the shoot (which was pliable and strong as heavy rope), he fastened one end of it about the trunk of the tree he had alighted upon, and the other end about his waist; then he sprang into the air, and cleared the space of a hundred bow lengths to the mango tree, with the speed of a cloud torn by the wind. Yet from his hav-

ing forgotten to allow for that part of the shoot that was tied about his waist, he failed to reach the tree itself. He could just catch hold of the tip of one of its farthest-reaching branches and swing there, completing with his own body the bridge of safety from tree to tree. Holding thus firmly, with both hands, he gave a signal to the monkeys, saying, "Go quickly with good luck, treading over my back and along the bamboo shoot."

Obeying him, the eighty thousand monkeys thus escaped in safety, each saluting their leader, and bidding him farewell.

But among the band, there was one monkey that was an enemy to the leader, and when it came his turn to cross, he said, "Here is my chance to be even with him." Climbing to a higher branch therefore, he made a spring and landed heavily on the leader's back.

At this treacherous act the noble heart of the monkey leader broke, and great pain came on him. But his enemy, seeing what he had done, repented not, but passed over his body and escaped with the rest of the band to safety, leaving the leader alone.

Now under the mango tree the king, being wide awake, saw all that was done by the monkeys and their leader. He thought to himself, "This animal, not reckoning his own life, has caused the safety of his entire troop."

When day broke, the king continued to think about the brave animal in the tree above him. "It is not right that this monkey should be left to perish," he said. "By some means I will bring him down and take care of him."

Therefore he spoke gently to the leader of the monkeys, and persuaded him that no harm was intended him, but that he should come down and trust himself to the king. As soon as the intelligent animal understood, he gave his trust to the king, and descended the tree, sorely hurt as he was. The king ordered him washed in Ganges water, his body cleansed and anointed with oil refined a thousand times, and clothed him in a fine yellow robe, giving him sugared water to drink. Then with his own hands, he put an oiled skin on a couch, and bidding the monkey lie there, set himself on a low seat beside him and spoke to him in verse:

"You made yourself a bridge for them to pass in safety through:
What are you then to them, monkey, and what are they to you?"

Hearing him, the monkey leader answered, also speaking in rhyme:

"Victorious king, I guard the herd, I am their lord and chief.
When they were filled with fear of thee and stricken sore with grief,
I leapt a hundred times the length of bow outstretched that lies,
When I had bound a bamboo shoot firmly about my thighs:
I reached the tree like thunder cloud sped by the tempest's blast;
I lost my strength, but reached a bough: with hands I held it fast.
And as I hung extended there, held fast by shoot and bough,
My monkeys passed across my back and are in safety now.

"Therefore I fear no pain of death, bonds do not give me pain,
The happiness of those was won o'er whom I used to reign.

A parable for thee, O king, if thou the truth wouldst read;
The happiness of kingdom and of army and of steed
And city must be dear to thee, if thou wouldst rule indeed."

Thus wisely teaching and instructing the king, the leader of the monkeys died. The king, calling his ministers, gave orders that the courageous animal should have a funeral meet for a monarch, and sent to his courtiers and his wives, bidding them come and mourn for the monkey king, wearing red garments, having their hair dishevelled, and holding torches in their hands.

The ministers made a funeral pile with a hundred wagon loads of timber. Having thus celebrated fitting funeral rites, as for a royal personage, they took the monkey leader's skull and brought it to the king. The latter caused a beautiful shrine to be built at the monkey's burial place, with torches burning there, and offerings of flowers and incense in his honor. The skull he had inlaid with gold, and when they returned to Benares, put it on a golden spear-point, and set it at the city gate.

At his orders, the whole city was decked out

to honor the monkey leader, and the ceremonies lasted for seven days. Then building a shrine about the skull, the king honored it with flowers and incense all the rest of his own days, and following the monkey leader's teaching, he ruled well and wisely over his people, giving alms, and doing all manner of good deeds, until his life's end.

THE LOST CHARM

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was king of Benares, the family of his household priest was destroyed by malarial fever. Only one son escaped, and going to Takkasilā, learnt the Vedas and other arts under a world-famous teacher.

When he had completed his studies, he bade his teacher goodbye, and departed on his travels. In the course of his journeyings, he came to a frontier village of low caste Candālas, who were much despised by the inhabitants of the neighboring towns round about. Here however, the priest's son decided to settle down, and because of his wisdom and knowledge was revered by the villagers as a learned sage.

Now this Sage knew a marvellous charm which could make fruit ripen out of season. Early in the morning he would take his carrying pole, and go forth from the village to a certain mango tree which grew in the forest. Here, standing seven

feet away from the tree, he would repeat the Charm, and then throw a handful of water so that it struck the tree itself.

When that had been done, in the twinkling of an eye, the withered, old leaves would fall off the branches; out would sprout the new, tender leaves, followed by flowers. The flowers would bloom, fade and drop off as the leaves had done —all in a mere instant of time—and then would appear the young fruit. This would rapidly grow and grow, until the tree was covered with beautiful, ripe mangoes, that fell at the Sage's feet. All he had to do was to pick up what he wished, and fill his basket.

With his basket full to overflowing of the luscious fruit, the Sage would return home, sell the fruit, and thus make a living for his wife and child.

A young brahmin saw the Sage offer ripe mangoes for sale out of season, and he was puzzled by it. "Without doubt," thought he, "it must be that he possesses some charm that can make fruit ripen whenever he chooses. This man can teach me a charm, if he will, that will mean fame and riches without count."

He therefore watched the Sage the next time he went to the forest, and following close behind, himself unseen, learned that it was indeed by a charm the fruit was ripened. So he went to the house of the Sage, at an hour when the latter should not yet have returned from the forest.

Meeting the wise man's wife, he asked her, "Where is the Teacher?" And she told him, "Gone to the woods."

The young brahmin sat down by the doorway, and waited until the Sage returned, carrying his basket filled with ripe mangoes. The teacher, beholding him there, said to his wife, "Lady, this youth has come to get the Charm. But no charm will help him, for no good man is he."

The young brahmin, on his part, was thinking, "I will obtain the Charm, by being the teacher's servant." So from that time he did all the work there was to be done in the house: brought wood, pounded the rice, did the cooking, brought all that was needful for washing the face, and even washed the feet of the Sage.

One day when the learned one said to him, "My son, bring me a stool to support my feet," the young man, seeing no stool in the humble

house, knelt down himself, and supported the feet of the Sage on his own bent back all night.

When, later, a son was born to the Sage and his wife, the young brahmin devoted himself to taking care of the child, in addition to his other duties. So hard-working, diligent and willing did he prove, that the teacher's wife said to her husband, "This lad, well-born though he is, performs menial services for us, in order to win the Charm. Give him the Charm, therefore, in return for his faithfulness. If he is not worthy, the power of the Charm will depart from him, but at least give him the chance he seeks."

To this the Sage agreed. Calling the brahmin to him he spoke after this fashion: "My son, 'tis a priceless Charm, and knowing it, you will get great gain and honor thereby. But when the king, or his minister shall ask you who was your teacher, do not conceal my name; for if you are ashamed that a low-caste man taught you the Charm, and say your teacher was a great magnate of the brahmins, you will never more be able to work the spell for your own gain."

"But why should I seek to hide your name?" quoth the youth. "Indeed, whenever I am asked,

I shall say it was you who taught me what I know."

Then he saluted the Sage, and departed from the low-caste village. Pondering over the wonderful Charm he had learned, he came finally to Benares, where he sold mangoes, and gained much wealth.

Now on a certain day the keeper of the park, presented to the king a ripe mango which he had purchased from the young brahmin. The king, having eaten it, asked the keeper where he had procured so fine a fruit.

"My lord," was the answer, "there is a young man here who brings mangoes out of season, and sells them. From him I procured it."

"Tell him," said the king, "from henceforth to bring his mangoes hither to me."

The keeper carried this message to the young brahmin, who from that time on brought his mangoes directly to the king's household. After some weeks had passed, the king asked him to enter his service, and gaining more and more wealth by the sale of his fruit, the brahmin likewise grew deeper into the king's confidence.

But the king had a great desire to know whence

came these ripe mangoes, at a time when they grew not on other trees in the country. He therefore said to the brahmin, "Young man, where do you get these mangoes out of season, so sweet and fragrant and of so fine a color? Does some nāga or spirit give them to you, or perchance one of the gods, or is it some power of magic?"

"No one gives them to me, O mighty king," replied the young brahmin, "but I have a priceless Charm, and this is the power of the Charm: it can make fruit grow whenever I will it."

"Well, then, we should like to see the power of the Charm, one of these days," the king declared.

"By all means, my lord, I will gladly show it."

The next day the king went with him into the park, and asked to be shown the Charm. The young man was willing, and approaching a mango tree, he stood at a distance of seven paces from it. Repeating the Charm, he threw water on the tree as the rites required.

On the instant, the mango tree put forth leaves, blossoms and ripe fruit after the manner described. A shower of mangoes fell—a very storm of them, so that the courtiers showed great de-

light, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting. The king ate some of the mangoes, and gave to the young brahmin a valuable reward.

When the brahmin had thanked him the king asked him, "Who, then, taught you this Charm so marvellous?"

The brahmin thought to himself, "if I say a low-caste Candāla taught me, I shall be put to shame, and jeered at by the courtiers, and the king will take an interest in me no more. I know the Charm by heart now, so I can never lose it, no matter what I do. Well, I will say it was a world-famed teacher at Takkasilā, who taught me."

Accordingly he lied to the king, saying "The Charm I learned at Takkasilā, from a teacher renouned the wide world over."

As he said the words which denied his real teacher, the power of the Charm departed from him. But the king, knowing nothing of the lie, returned with the youth to the city, greatly pleased.

On another day, the king once more desired to eat mangoes, and sent for the young brahmin. Going with him into the park, and taking his seat

upon a stone bench that was used on state occasions, he bade the youth get him mangoes.

The young brahmin, anxious as ever to oblige, went up to a mango tree, and standing at a distance of seven feet from the tree, repeated the Charm. Yet though he said it just as he had been taught, throwing water on the tree when he was done, no fruit appeared. Not even a new leaf, nor a blossom showed itself on the branches before him. Then he realized that through his lie, he had lost the power of the Charm, even as his old teacher had warned him.

But the king, much perplexed, thought, "Formerly this fellow gave me mangoes even in the midst of a crowd. The fruit rained down in a heavy shower. Now he stands there like a stock. What can the reason be?"

Addressing the brahmin, he commanded him to explain why he could not now make the tree grow mangoes. But the youth, being afraid of the king's anger, decided to tell still another lie, to cover up the first. So he declared that the hour was not right; that he needed certain signs in the sky and conjunctions of planets before the Charm would work.

"What is this," the king wondered. "The fellow said nothing of planets and conjunctions before!" and he added, aloud in rhyme:

"You said no word of times and seasons, nor
Of planetary junctions heretofore:
  But mangoes fragrant, delicate in taste,
Of color fine, you brought in plenteous store.

"Aforetime, Brahmin, you produced so well
Fruit on the tree by muttering of your spell:
  Today you cannot, mutter as you may.
What means this conduct I would have you tell?"

Hearing this, the youth was still more frightened, and thought to himself, "There is no use deceiving the king with lies. If, when the truth is told, he punishes me—let him do so! I can but tell him the truth now!"

Then he said to the king, "My teacher was a low-caste man, though he taught me the spell well and truly. Only he warned me that I must never hide his name or birth, if any asked me about him. But I was ashamed to tell you the truth, and so—alas! most wickedly did I lie about it, and say I had learned the Charm from a world-famous teacher at Takkasilā. Now the

power of the Charm is gone from me, and I can not cause the tree to bring forth mangoes."

The king was very wroth when he heard him. "This sinful man took no care of such a treasure," he cried. "If this teacher possessed a valuable Charm what could it matter if he were lowly born or not? And he added another stanza:

"Punish the worthless man, or even slay!
Go, drive him from my realm without delay!
He, having gained a treasure with great toil,
Has thrown it with overweening pride away!"

The king's attendants therefore drove the foolish brahmin forth, saying, "Go back to your teacher, and win his forgiveness if you can. Then, if you can learn the Charm anew, you may return hither. If you fail, never hope to set eyes on this country again." And they banished him.

The brahmin was all forlorn. "There is no refuge for me," he thought, "except my teacher. To him I will go and learn the Charm over again." So, lamenting, he went on his way back to the village of the Candālas, and sought out the learned Sage. The teacher, however, seeing him

approaching, said to his wife, "See, lady, there comes that scoundrel once more, with his Charm lost and gone."

When the brahmin drew nearer, the Sage asked him, "Why are you here again?"

"Oh, my master," cried the youth, "I uttered a lie, and denied my teacher. I am utterly ruined and undone. I have sinned, and lost the power of the spell. But, O wise teacher, forgive! Let me once more find favor in your eyes! Teach me the Charm anew."

But the Sage shook his head sadly. "Not so, my son. I told you the Charm, and warned you what would be the results if you lied about it. Had you followed my words, its power would never have left you. You have been foolish, unwise, and ungrateful, proving that you cannot control your own tongue. Go hence, and ask me no further of charms."

Thus dismissed by his teacher, and knowing he could not return to the king's court and his former honors, the miserable brahmin plunged into the woods, and there died forlorn and alone, repenting him of his folly.

THE HAWKS AND THEIR FRIENDS

ONCE upon a time when Brahmadatta was king in Benares, certain men of the marshes used to make a settlement wherever they could find meat for themselves. Usually they settled in the forest, where game was plentiful, killing what they needed for their families and themselves.

Not far from one of these villages, was a large lake. On its southern shore lived a hawk; on the west a she-hawk; on the north a lion, king of the beasts; on the east an osprey, king of the birds; in the middle dwelt a tortoise on a small island.

The hawk asked the she-hawk to marry him. Before she gave him an answer, she asked him if he had any powerful friends.

"No, madam," he replied.

"We must have someone who can defend us against any danger or trouble that may arise, so you must make some friends," quoth she.

The hawk was puzzled. "With whom shall I make friends, lady?"

"Why, with King Osprey, who lives on the eastern shore, and with King Lion on the north, and with the tortoise who dwells in the middle of the lake. Do this, and I will marry you."

The hawk took her advice, and when he had made friends with these three, he returned to his lady, and she accepted him. Then they built a nest in a kadamba tree that grew on a tiny islet in the lake, and were very happy. Afterwards there were given to them two sons. One day while the wings of the younglings were still too weak to fly, a party of village hunters went through the woods foraging, but had no luck. Not wishing to return home empty-handed, the men went down to the shores of the lake, intending to catch some fish or a tortoise.

Seeing the little islet not far from shore, they waded out to it, and lay down beneath the kadamba tree to rest, for they were tired. Being tormented by a great number of gnats and mosquitos, they built a fire by rubbing sticks together, and made a thick smoke. The smoke

rose into the tree overhead, annoying the birds, and the young hawks uttered cries.

" 'Tis the cry of birds," exclaimed the villagers joyfully. "Get up! Build the fire higher. We cannot lie here hungry, so before we sleep, we will have a meal of roasted fowls' flesh."

They made the fire blaze still higher, and the mother hawk, up in the tree, thought to herself in terror, "These men wish to eat our young ones. We made friends to save us from that danger. I will send my mate to the great osprey." Then she said aloud, "Go, my husband, tell the osprey of the danger that threatens our young." And to make her plea more urgent, she added a stanza:

"The villagers build fires upon the isle,
To eat my young ones in a little while:
O Hawk, to friend and comrade give the word,
My children's danger tell to every bird!"

The cock-bird flew at top speed to the eastern shore of the lake and gave a cry to announce his arrival. Given leave to approach, the hawk drew near, and addressed the osprey in rhyme:

"O winged fowl! chiefest of birds art thou:
So, Osprey king, I seek thy shelter now.
Some country-folk a-hunting now are fain
To eat my young: be thou my joy again!"

"Fear not," said the osprey, and to console the hawk he too added a stanza:

"In season, out of season, wise men make,
Both friends and comrades for protection's sake.
For thee, O Hawk! I will perform this deed;
The good must help each other at their need."

Then he went on to ask, "Have the hunters climbed up the tree yet, friend?"

"They are not climbing yet," the hawk said. "They are just piling wood on the fire."

"Then you had better go quickly and comfort my friend, your mate, and say I am coming."

The hawk flew back to his nest, and the osprey followed him, perching on another tree, near the kadamba. From where he sat, he could watch the hunters who had, by that time, started climbing the kadamba tree. Just as soon as one of the men neared the nest, the osprey dived into the lake, and from his wings and beak scattered water upon the burning brands, so they were put out.

Down came the men out of the kadamba tree, and made another fire to cook the young birds. When they started up the tree once more, the osprey again put out the fire. This continued for hours: whenever a fire was made, the faithful osprey extinguished it, until midnight came. By then the osprey was almost exhausted. He was breathing with great panting efforts, and his eyes were bloodshot.

Seeing him, the hen bird said to her mate, "My lord, the osprey is tired out; go and tell the tortoise, so that he may have a rest."

So the hawk said, "Rest a while, friend Osprey! You have done enough." And he hastened away to the tortoise on his island in the middle of the lake.

When the tortoise saw him approaching, he asked him, "What is your errand, friend?"

"Great danger has come to us," the hawk answered. "A party of hunters from the village is trying to catch and eat my young ones. Our friend, the osprey, has been helping us for hours, putting out the fire each time it is lighted. But now he is exhausted, and my wife has sent me

to you, to beg for your assistance." And he added a stanza:

"My young in danger, straight I fly to thee:
O dweller in the lake, come succour me!"

On hearing this, the tortoise also spoke in rhyme:

"The wise man to a man who is his friend,
Both food and goods—e'en life itself, will lend.
For thee, O Hawk, I will perform this deed:
The good must help each other at their need."

With these words the tortoise sent the hawk away, adding, "Fear not, my friend, but go you before, and I will come presently after."

Then the tortoise dived into the lake and collecting some mud, took it to the island and quenched the fire. Seeing him, the villagers cried, "Why should we trouble with these young birds? Let us roll over this tortoise and kill him! He will be enough for all."

So they plucked some creepers, and got some ropes, even tearing up their own clothes to make more rope; and when they had bound the tortoise, they tried to pull him back, and roll him

over. But with all their trying, they were not able to move him so much as an inch. Instead, the tortoise drew the whole group along with him in the direction of the lake, and plunged into the water.

The men were so eager to get him, that they all fell into the water too, and swallowed so much that they were nearly drowned.

"Just look," cried they angrily, when they had scrambled out of the water, dripping wet. "Half the night an osprey kept putting out our fire, and now this tortoise has made us fall into the water and swallow it, to our great discomfort. Well, we will light another fire, and at sunrise we will eat those young hawks."

So they began once more to build a fire. The mother hawk saw them doing it, and said to her mate, "My husband, sooner or later these men will devour our young and depart. Go you and call our friend the lion."

The hawk did this, and when he approached the lion's den, the great animal hailed him, and asked why he had come hither at such an unseasonable hour. The hawk told him the whole tale, and entreated him to help him in these words:

"Mightiest of all the beasts! both beasts and men
Fly to the strongest when beset by fear.
My young ones are in danger, help me then!
Thou art our king, and therefore I am here."

This said, the lion also repeated a stanza:

"Yes, I will do this service, Hawk, for thee:
Come, let us go and slay these wretched men!
Comfort thy young, they may rely on me.
No murd'rous foes shall trouble them again."

Having thus spoken, the lion dismissed his friend. Assuring him he would soon put an end to his worries, the king of beasts plunged into the lake, churning up the crystal water as he swam, until he reached the islet where the kadamba tree grew. When the villagers perceived that a lion was approaching, they were frightened to death.

"The osprey," they cried, "put out our firebrands; the tortoise made us lose the clothes we had on: but now indeed are we utterly done for. This lion will destroy us at once."

They ran this way and that, seeking to hide themselves, and when the lion arrived at the kadamba tree, not a man was to be seen. Then

the osprey, the hawk and the tortoise came up and greeted him. The lion made them a little speech on the value of friendship, and added, "From this time be careful never to quarrel with a friend, or do anything to break the bonds of friendship that exist between us. Thus shall we all help one another in our troubles."

Having given them this advice, the lion departed, and each of the others, too, went to his own dwelling. The mother hawk, looking at her young, thought to herself, "Ah, it is indeed through friendship that my children have been given back to me!" She and her mate rejoiced together over the good fortune that had come to them, and ever thereafter this company of friends lived without quarrelling, or breaking the bonds of friendship, to their lives' end.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT WITH THE SIX-COLORED TUSKS

ONCE upon a time a herd of eight thousand elephants dwelt near Lake Chaddanta in the Himalayas. And the Bodhisatta came to life as the king of this elephant herd. He was pure white, with red feet and face; and when full grown he stood eighty-eight hands high, and measured a hundred and twenty hands in length. He had a wonderful trunk that was like a silver rope, fifty-eight hands long. His tusks were thirty hands long, fifteen hands round about, and gave out shining rays of light in six different colors. Altogether no such elephant had ever been seen in the world before, and he was as wise and virtuous as he was handsome; and paid great honor to holy men.

He had two head wives, Cullasubhaddā and Mahāsubhaddā, and they and the eight thousand elephants in the herd all lived with the king in a great golden cave near the lake.

Now Lake Chaddanta was fifty leagues long and fifty broad, and in the middle of it was a space where no plants grew, but the water itself shone like a great jewel for beauty and clearness. Around this jewel-like water, grew a thicket of pure white lilies, and outside the lilies another thicket of pure blue lotus. Then came white and red lotuses, white and red lilies, and then a tangle of mixed lilies. Beyond this again, in water just the right depth for an elephant to stand in and browse, grew a thicket of red paddy, such as elephants love. And beyond the paddy, a thicket of small, fragrant shrubs with delicate blue, yellow, red and white blossoms.

Each of these thickets was a league in width, and after them grew a thicket of various kinds of kidney beans, convulvulus, cucumber, pumpkin, gourd and other creepers. Then a grove of sugar cane, then a grove of plantains as big as elephants' tusks. Then another field of paddy; a grove of bread-fruit the size of water jars; a grove of tamarinds with luscious fruit; a grove of elephant apple trees; a great forest of all different kinds of trees, and last of all a bamboo grove.

Such was the magnificence of this region in

which the elephants lived, and found their favorite food in the various thickets without having to hunt at all. Surrounding the lake and all these encircling groves, stood seven mountains. Counting them from the farthest out mountain, in toward the lake, they were named as follows: Little Black Mountain; Great Black Mountain; Water Mountain; Moon Mountain; Sun Mountain; Jewel Mountain, and seventh and last, Golden Mountain.

Golden Mountain was seven leagues in height, rising up all round the lake like the rim of a bowl. It was a wonderful golden color on its inner side that was toward the lake, and in the light it gave out, Lake Chaddanta shone like that newly risen sun. Now in the northeast corner of the lake, in a spot where the wind fell on the water, there grew a mighty banyan tree. And on the west side of Lake Chaddanta was the Golden Cave where the elephants dwelt in the rainy season. (But when the sun shone they came out and browsed under the mighty banyan tree, standing in the jewel-like water of the lake.)

One day, as the elephant king and his following stood under the banyan tree, one of his sub-

jects brought him word that the great Sal grove was in flower. And as the elephants all loved the delicate flavor of the Sal blossoms, the king led his herd thither.

When they reached the grove the elephant king stood beside a Sal tree in full bloom, and his two queens stood on either side of him. By accident he struck the tree with his great forehead, and a shower of blossoms, dry twigs and leaves fell. It happened that the dry leaves, twigs and red ants fell on Cullasubhaddā on the one side, while the blossoms and fresh green leaves were blown over Mahāsubhaddā on the other.

Then Cullasubhaddā thought to herself, "See he throws dead leaves, and ants and ugly twigs over me, but the fresh blossoms and leaves he gives to the wife who is dear to him." And she held a grudge against her husband from that hour.

Another day the king elephant and his attendant herd went down to Lake Chaddanta to bathe. Two young elephants took bundles of fragrant roots in their trunks, and rubbed down the king. Then, when he had been bathed, they bathed the two queen elephants likewise. After this, the

eight thousand elephants went down into the water, and disported themselves, plucking flowers from the lake with which they adorned the king, as if he had been a shrine. When they had decorated his person with flowers, they decorated the queen elephants also.

Then a certain elephant, in swimming about the lake, found a huge lotus with seven shoots, and he plucked it and offered it to the king. The king elephant shook some of the sweet pollen on his head, and afterward presented the lotus to his queen Mahāsubhaddā.

On seeing this, the other queen was still more enraged with her lord, and said to herself, "This lotus with seven shoots he also gives to his favorits queen, and not to me. I shall know what to do about this." And her grudge deepened to real hatred of her husband, and she tried to think up some way to injure him.

Finally one day when the elephant king was entertaining five hundred holy men, Queen Cullasubhaddā offered them wild fruit she had plucked herself. She also put up a secret prayer in these words: "When my time comes to die, may I be born on earth again as the Princess

Subhaddā, daughter of the king of Madda. When I come of age, may I be married to the king of Benares, and find great favor in his eyes so that all my wishes will be immediately granted me. Then I will beg him to send his chief elephant hunter to slay the elephant king who is now my husband, and bring me his six-colored tusks."

From that time forward she took no food, and pining away, at last died. Her prayer was answered; she was reborn on earth as the daughter of the king of Madda, and they called her Princess Subhaddā. When she was of a suitable age, they gave her in marriage to the king of Benares just as she had prayed would happen. And she became dear and pleasing in the king's eyes, so that he was ready to grant all her wishes.

So she recalled to mind the time she had been an elephant, and how she had come to hate the elephant king and wished to slay him. "My prayers are now fulfilled," she thought. "I will now have that elephant's tusks brought to me."

Therefore she anointed herself with common oil, put on a soiled robe, and got into bed pretending to be very ill indeed. And when the king

asked for her, he was told that she was sick. So he hastened to the royal closet, and sitting down beside the bed, stroked the queen's hand affectionately, and spoke to her in rhyme:

"Large-eyed and peerless one, my queen, so pale, to grief a prey,
Like flower trampled underfoot — why fadest thou away?"

The queen, opening her eyes, and looking at him sadly, replied to him in rhyme also:

"As it would seem, all in a dream, a longing sore had I;
My wish is vain this boon to gain, and that is why I die!"

The king hearing this, was the more alarmed, and repeated another stanza:

"All joys to which in this glad world a mortal may aspire,
Whate'er you want, if mine to grant, I give thee thy desire."

The queen was secretly overjoyed, but she only begged that the king order all his hunters to be called together, and she would then speak her wish, before them all.

To this the king agreed, and issuing orders to his ministers, he commanded it to be proclaimed by beat of drum that all the hunters in the kingdom of Kāsi, were to assemble together.

The hunters did as they had been bidden, and each bringing a present, arrived at the palace, and had their coming announced to the king. Now the number of hunters thus assembled was sixty thousand.

Learning of their arrival, the king stood at an open window looking down on them, and stretching forth his hand, he told the queen that her desire was fulfilled. The hunters were awaiting her bidding.

Then the queen coming to the window, spoke to the hunters below in the following words:

"Ye hunters bold, assembled here,
Unto my words, I pray give ear:
Dreaming, methought an elephant I saw
Six-tusked and white without a flaw.
His tusks I crave and fain would have;
Naught else avails my life to save."

The hunters replied also in rhyme:

"Ne'er did our fathers in days of old
A six-tusked elephant behold.
Tell us what kind of beast might be
That which appeared in dreams to thee."

Looking among the hunters gathered below her window, the queen beheld one that was broad of foot, with a calf swollen to the size of a food basket, big in the knee and ribs, thick-bearded, with yellow teeth, and disfigured with many scars. He stood head and shoulders above all the other hunters, and he was known as Sonuttara. The queen was satisfied with his appearance, for she thought to herself, "This man is surely strong enough to do my bidding, and slay the elephant king, if he obey my instructions."

With the king's permission, she had the hunter brought to her, and took him to the highest floor of the seven-storeyed palace, where she opened a window looking toward the north. Then stretching forth her hand, she pointed toward the Northern Himalayas.

"Go due north, hunter," she bade him. "Pass beyond seven mountains, and you will come to a great Golden Cave at last. Beneath the cave,

standing in the lake which is like to a wondrous jewel, is a mighty banyan tree. In the rainy season a herd of eight thousand elephants and their king dwell in the Golden Cave, but in fine weather they come out and stand browsing in the lake under the banyan tree. Panting and grim, they look about them for enemies, and if they should chance to see you, they will surely consume you utterly."

Hearing this, Sonuttara was terrified, and pleaded with the queen, saying, "Ornaments of gold, and precious jewels hast thou already, O Queen! Why shouldst thou desire the ivory tusks of this dread elephant?"

But she persuaded him, promising to give him five villages if he returned with the tusks, and assuring him that no harm would come to him, if he faithfully followed her directions.

She went on to tell him of her prayer, saying, "I offered up a prayer once, after giving gifts to five hundred holy men. The prayer I prayed was that I might have it in my power one day to kill this elephant with the ivory tusks that give out six-colored light. This was not merely a

dream, as I told it to the hunters; but will happen in direct answer to that prayer I offered up. Go thou, and fear nothing."

So saying, she reassured the hunter, and he agreed to her words, asking that she make clear to him where this banyan tree and Golden Cave were located, and how best they might be reached.

She described to him all that he must do to win safely to the haunts of the royal elephant. And Sonuttara said, "Well, lady, I will kill the elephant and bring you his tusks."

Then in her delight, she gave him a thousand pieces of gold, telling him to go to his home for the space of seven days, and then to return to her, ready to set forth.

When the hunter had departed, she summoned smiths to her, and ordered them to make her an axe, a spade, an auger, a hammer, an instrument for cutting bamboos, a grass-cutter, an iron staff, a peg, and an iron three-pronged fork. These they were to make speedily, and bring to her at the end of seven days.

Likewise she sent for leather workers, and bade them prepare for her a leather sack the size of a hogshead: leather ropes and straps; shoes big

enough for an elephant, and a leather parachute. These, too, were to be finished and brought to the palace within a week.

Then the queen ordered all the provisions requisite for the journey to be made ready, and placed in the big leather sack. At the end of seven days Sonuttara, having completed his own arrangements, appeared again before the queen, and bowed respectfully to her.

Then she said to him, "Friend, all preparations for your journey are now completed. Take this sack with you."

So Sonuttara, being a stout knave, as strong as five elephants, caught up the laden sack as if it had been a sack of cakes, and placing it on his hips, stood as easily as if his hands were empty.

Cullasubhaddā gave the rest of the provisions to the hunter's attendants, and telling the king, dismissed Sonuttara. He, with an obeisance to the king and queen, descended from the palace, and placing his goods in a chariot, set out from the city with a great train of followers. Passing through numbers of villages and hamlets, he at last reached the frontier.

Here he sent back the people of the country,

who had come with him, and taking only some folk who lived on the frontier, proceeded to the forest. Reaching this, he sent back the frontiersmen, also, and went on his way alone.

He traversed thirty leagues of thickets and forest, using his sickle to cut down jungle grass; the thickets of basil and the like he cut with his instrument for cutting bamboo provided by the queen. The trees he felled with his axe, using his auger to pierce the huge trees, and thus render them more easily cut down.

Continuing on his journey, he fashioned a ladder in the bamboo grove, and climbing to the top of the thicket, he laid a long, single bamboo which he had cut, over the next clump of bamboo. This he used for a bridge on which he crept across the top of the thicket. Reaching a bog, he descended from the last tree, and cutting himself a plank, laid it on the treacherous surface of the bog. Stepping on it, he threw before him still another plank, and proceeding thus, was enabled to cross the bog dry-shod.

Being safely across the bog, he came to a flooded district, which was too deep to wade, so he made himself a canoe, from the trunk of a big

tree, and paddled across to the other side. Arriving here, he found himself at the foot of a mountain. Taking his three-pronged grappling iron, he tied it to the end of his rope, and throwing it aloft, he was able to make it catch fast in the steep side of the mountain itself.

Pulling himself up by means of this rope, he drilled a hole in the mountainside with his iron spike tipped with adamant, and hammering a peg into the hole thus made, he stood on it. Then drawing out the grappling iron, he once more threw it in the air, and made it fast in the side of the mountain still higher up. Repeating his former performance, he made his slow ascent of the first mountain, and on arriving at the top, hammered another peg into the mountain at that point. Tying his rope to it, and the other end to his leather sack, he climbed into the sack, and lowered himself like a spider letting itself down on its finely-spun thread.

When he had reached the rope's end, he spread his leather parachute, and sailed down like a bird to the valley below. In this way did Sonuttara cross the six mountains, and climb to the top of the Golden Cliff, which formed the seventh.

It took the hunter seven years, seven months and seven days to make this journey, but he arrived at last before the Golden Cave where the elephant king, his queen and his subjects dwelt. Here Sonuttara dug a mighty pit, just in the spot where the elephant king was used to stand before going down to bathe in the lake. Over the pit Sonuttara spread light brush, covered with earth, grass and flowers, to look like the forest floor.

He also dug a smaller pit, just large enough for himself, with an opening communicating with the larger one. Here he took his stand, with a bow and poisoned arrow, to slay the great elephant when he should have fallen into the pit.

Later that same day the elephant herd came down to the lake to bathe, according to their custom, and the king, stepping to his usual place, fell headlong into the pit that Sonuttara had digged for him. The great beast uttered loud trumpetings of pain, and the whole herd, not seeing what had become of him, but hearing his cries resounding, fled back into the forest in panic.

Then Sonuttara let fly his poisoned arrow, and

struck the elephant king, so that he roared yet the louder in his agony. But after a time, being as brave as he was great and virtuous, he controlled his feelings, and addressed the hunter without anger. "Why did you wound me?" he demanded. "Was it for your own advantage, or did someone else bribe you to do it?"

Then the hunter told him that he had been sent by the wife of the king of Kāsi to bring back his tusks. By reason of his great wisdom, the elephant king realized that it was his former queen, Cullasubhaddā, who wished, not his tusks, but his life, and he uttered these two stanzas:

"Rich store of goodly tusks have I,
Relics of my dead ancestry.
All this well knows that wrathful dame;
'Tis at my life the wretch doth aim.

"Rise, hunter, and or ere I die,
Saw off these tusks of ivory;
Go bid the shrew be of good cheer,
'The beast is slain, his tusks are here!'"

Hearing this permission given him, the hunter rose up, saw in hand, and approached the mighty elephant. But the elephant, being eighty-eight

hands high like a mountain, was not to be thrown down by any man, so the hunter could not reach high enough to saw off his tusks.

However, the generous elephant bent his head down, of his own free will, and the hunter climbed up his trunk as if it had been a silver rope, until he stood on the elephant's forehead. Then Sonuttara stepped with his foot into the elephant's jaws, and climbing down from his forehead, thrust the saw into the huge mouth, and tried to saw off his tusks.

The elephant king suffered great pain, and the blood dripped down over the saw, but the hunter was not strong enough to cut the tusks free. Then the elephant king, making no move to stop the hunter, asked him, "Sir, cannot you cut them?" And on the man's saying "No," he offered, "Well, then lift up the tip of my trunk, since I am too weak to do so for myself, and place in it the saw you hold."

Sonuttara did so, and the elephant king, holding the saw with his own trunk, cut off his tusks for the hunter as if they had been young sprouts of bamboo. Then, bidding him take them to the queen, he said, "I do not give you these, friend

hunter, because I do not value them; but because through performing a meritorious act, I shall be sure of attaining my reward hereafter."

When the hunter had taken the tusks, the elephant asked him further, "How long did it take you to come here?"

"Seven years, seven months and seven days."

"By the power that is in my magic tusks," said the noble elephant, "you shall be transported back to Benares in seven days." And he gave him safe conduct through the forest, to guard him against all dangers on the way back.

After the hunter had departed, the elephant herd and Mahāsubhaddā returned, still searching for their king, and found him lying in the great pit, dead. With them came the five hundred holy men, whom the elephant king had always supplied with food, and they all wept over him.

When they had wept a while, two strong young elephants lifted up their king's body with their tusks, and raising it aloft on a funeral pyre, burned it. The holy men all through the night rehearsed texts of scripture in the cemetery, beside the pyre. The eight thousand elephants,

when morning was come, extinguished the flames of the funeral pile, and after bathing themselves, returned with Mahāsubhaddā, to their Golden Cave.

Within seven days Sonuttara reached Benares with his tusks. In offering them to the queen, he said, "Lady, the elephant you hated for a trifling offense, has been slain by me, according to your desire."

"Do you tell me that he is dead?" cried she. And Sonuttara gave her the tusks, saying, "Be assured that he is dead. Here are his tusks."

The queen held out her jewelled fan, and the hunter laid the glowing tusks upon it, where they lay sending out six-colored rays that dazzled her eyes. The queen looked at them a long time, remembering that they were the tusks of one who, in a former life, had been her dear lord. Then she thought, "This fellow has come with the tusks he cut from that noble elephant, first slaying him with a poisoned shaft. And all this is my wicked fault."

And at the memory of all the elephant king's kindness, and generosity, she was filled with a great remorse and sorrow so that she could not

endure it, but her heart was broken then and there, and that very day she died. Thus was the murder of the noble elephant avenged, though he himself, in his great goodness of heart, had wished for no evil to befall his enemy.

THE ELEPHANT TRAINER'S LUCK

ONCE on a time when Brahmadatta reigned in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a brahmin family in the realm of Kāsi. On growing up he went to Takkasilā to be educated, and having finished his schooling, returned to dwell with his family.

After some years both his parents died, and he was so distressed that he retired into the Himalayas, and lived the life of a holy hermit, spending his time in prayer and study.

A long time passed, and one day the hermit, needing salt to season his food, came down into the villages of men, and took up his quarters in the garden of the king of Benares. The next day, on his begging rounds, he came to the door of an elephant trainer. This man, taking a fancy to the hermit's ways and manners, took him in, fed him, and gave him lodging in his own grounds, waiting on him continually.

Now it happened just then that a man whose

The wood-gatherer heard them wax more and more quarrelsome, each trying to impress the other with his own superior importance

business it was to gather firewood, failed to get back to his home before darkness fell. He was forced, therefore, to spend the night in the woods. He lay down near a ruined temple, placing a bundle of sticks under his head for a pillow, and sleeping peacefully enough until he was wakened toward morning by the quarrelling of two cocks overhead.

A number of cocks were living in the old ruins, and something had started them fighting among themselves just before sunrise. Lying still, the wood-gatherer heard them wax more and more quarrelsome, each trying to impress the other with his own superior importance.

They kept crying to each other, "What power have you? What power have you?" At last the one who was perched on a lower bough said, "Anyone who kills me, and eats my flesh roasted on the coals, gets a thousand pieces of money before morning!"

"Pooh, that's nothing," retorted the cock higher up. "Don't boast about a little thing like that! Anyone who eats my fleshy parts will become king; if he eats my outside he'll be commander-in-chief or chief queen, according to

whether the eater is man or woman; if he eats the flesh close to my bones, he'll get the post of royal treasurer, or if he's a holy man, he'll become king's favorite and confidential advisor."

The stickgatherer heard all this and pondered. "Now if I become king, there's no need of a thousand pieces. I can have as many as I choose." Quietly he climbed the tree beside him, and catching the topmost cock, killed him. Then fastening his body in a fold of his robes, he returned to his home, saying, "Now I'll be king!"

As soon as the city gates were opened, in he walked. Plucking the fowl, he gave it to his wife, bidding her cook the meat nicely for eating. She therefore prepared the meat with rice, and set it before him, telling her husband to eat.

"Goodwife," said the man, "there's great virtue in this meat. By eating it I shall become king, and you my queen." So they took the meat and rice down to the Ganges bank, intending to bathe before eating it. Laying meat and rice on the bank there, they went into the river.

Just then a breeze stirred up the water, which washed away the meat. It floated down the river

till it came in sight of an elephant trainer, a very great personage at court, who was giving his elephants a bath.

"What have we here?" he wondered, and picked up the meat.

"It's fowl and rice, my lord," said one of his men.

The trainer bade his servant wrap it up, and seal it, and he sent it home to his wife with a message not to open it till he returned.

Now the hermit of the Himalayas, who had a gift of prophecy, and of knowing also all that was happening about him, had been thinking to himself: "My friend and patron, the elephant trainer, never leaves his charges to present himself at court. Thus, through his faithful devotion to duty, he allows others to gain preference from the king, while he himself remains forgotten." And he was troubled about it, because the man had been very kind to him.

When the elephant trainer returned home, he bade the hermit sit down beside him, and calling for the sealed parcel he had sent home from the river bank, he opened it, and showed the contents to the hermit. As soon as he saw them, the holy

man knew, by his powers of vision, what would be the result of eating it.

Taking the rice, but not the meat, when the trainer offered him both, the hermit said, "I will, with your permission, divide this meat."

The master gave him leave. Then separating the meat into portions, the hermit gave to the elephant trainer the fleshy parts, the outside to his wife, and took the flesh about the bones for his own share.

When the meal was over, the hermit said to his host, "On the third day from this, you will become king. Take care what you do!" And away he went.

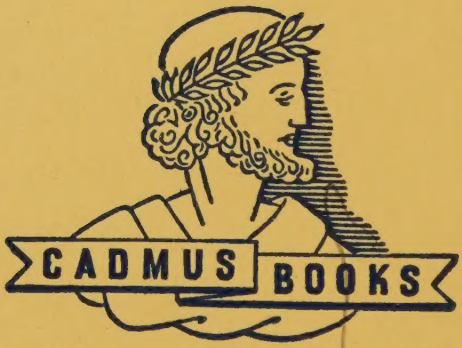
On the third day a neighboring king came and besieged the city of Benares. The king calling his elephant trainer, bade him array himself in the royal robes, mount his elephant, and go forth to lead the fight. The king put on a disguise, and mingled with the ranks. Yet even so a chance arrow found him, and he perished then and there.

The elephant trainer, learning that the king was dead, sent back to the city for a great quantity of money. Showing it to his troops, he had

the drum beaten, and proclamation made that those who wanted money should advance and fight. Whereupon a great eagerness seized on the ranks, and they pressed forward in a twinkling and slew the invading king, putting his followers to rout.

After the funeral of the king of Benares had been held, and due honors paid him, the courtiers deliberated who should be made king in his stead. Finally one of them said, "While our king was yet alive, he put his own royal robes on the elephant trainer. This very man fought bravely in his place, and actually won the battle for us. To him the kingdom should be given."

All the others straightway agreed with the speaker, and summoning the elephant trainer, they consecrated him king, and his wife they made the chief queen. As soon as he had mounted the throne, the new king sent for his old friend the hermit, and appointed him his advisor and confidant. All came true, then, according to the words heard by the wood-gatherer beside the ruined temple, when the cocks quarrelled together early in the morning.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